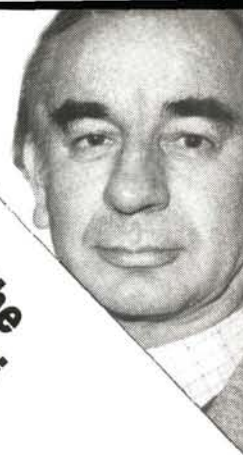


NEW 17 October 1986 IRE1.34 US\$1.50 By Air 90p

STATESMAN

French Socialists find opposition tough
The fall of the pound; Hungary thirty years after
Courtney Pine; *The Phantom of the Opera*

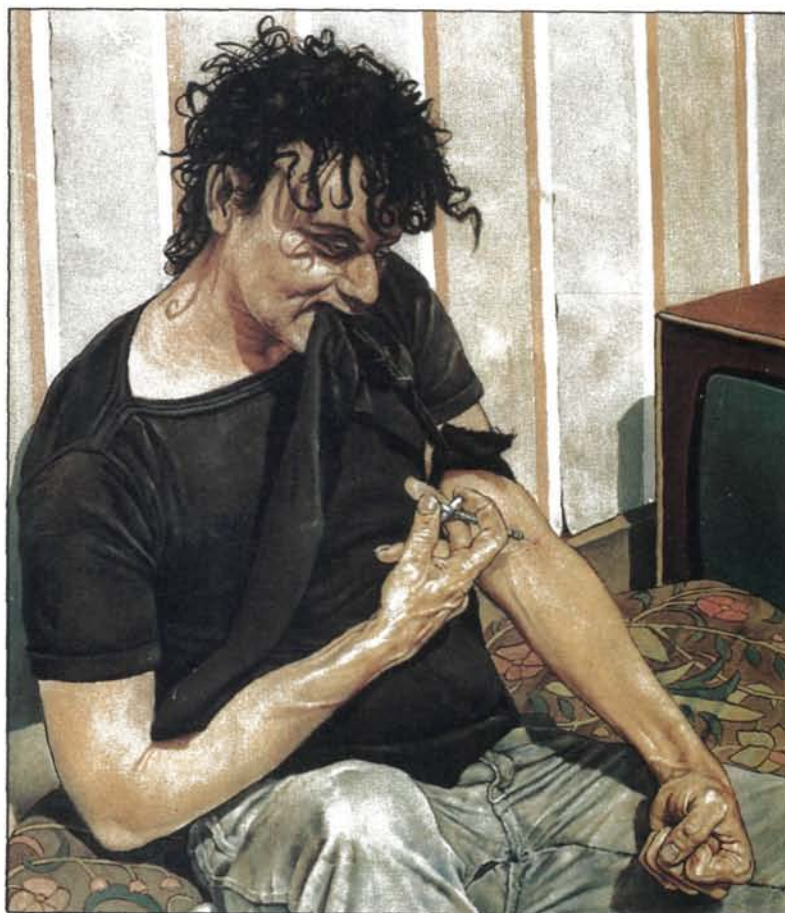
The
Saudi
affair



DRUG WAR FEVER

AMEMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

NOV 3 1986



Politicians, press and public are in the grip
of a hysterical consensus

Illustration: Phillip Swarbrick

SOME MINORITIES NEED YOU TO STAND UP FOR THEM . . .

SUPPORT
HUMAN RIGHTS
BOOK WEEK
16-26 October

Please tick

- ☐ Please send me further details of MRG and its work.
☐ I wish to subscribe for the next 5 reports (£7.50) (\$15 US), post free.
☐ Please send me the reports marked (price £1.80 each) (\$4.00 US) plus a free newsletter.

Please tick the reports you want or put the number of copies in the boxes:

AFRICA

- ☐ Asian Minorities of East & Central Africa
☐ Eritrea and Tigray
☐ Inequalities in Zimbabwe
☐ The New Position of East Africa's Asians
☐ The Namibians
☐ Selective Genocide in Burundi
☐ Jehovah's Witnesses in Africa
☐ Nomads of the Sahel
☐ Indian South Africans
☐ The Western Saharans
☐ The San of the Kalahari
☐ Uganda and Sudan
☐ The Falashas

THE AMERICAS

- ☐ The Position of Blacks in Brazilian and Cuban society
☐ The East Indians of Trinidad and Guyana
☐ Amerindians of South America
☐ Canada's Indians
☐ The Original Americans: US Indians
☐ Mexican Americans in the US
☐ French Canada in Crisis
☐ Haitian Refugees in the US
☐ Puerto Ricans
☐ Inuit (Eskimos) of Canada
☐ Central America's Indians

ASIA

- ☐ Japan's Minorities — Burakumin, Koreans, Ainu, Okinawans
☐ The Chinese in Indonesia, the Philippines and Malaysia

- ☐ The Biharis of Bangladesh
☐ India, the Nagas and the North East
☐ Minorities of Central Vietnam
☐ The Tamils of Sri Lanka
☐ The Untouchables of India
☐ The Baluchis and Pathans
☐ The Tibetans
☐ The Sikhs

EUROPE

- ☐ Religious Minorities in the Soviet Union
☐ The Two Irelands
☐ The Crimean Tatars and Volga Germans
☐ The Basques and Catalans
☐ Roma: The Gypsies of Europe
☐ Western Europe's Migrant Workers
☐ Cyprus
☐ Hungarians of Romania
☐ Flemings and Walloons of Belgium
☐ The Ukrainians and Georgians
☐ The Sami of Lapland
☐ The Rastafarians

THE MIDDLE EAST

- ☐ Israel's Oriental Immigrants and Druzes
☐ The Kurds
☐ The Palestinians
☐ The Armenians
☐ The Baha'is of Iran
☐ Lebanon
☐ Migrant Workers of the Gulf

SOUTHERN OCEANS

- ☐ Aboriginal Australians
☐ East Timor and West Iran
☐ Diego Garcia: a contrast to the Falklands
☐ Micronesia: the problem of Palau
☐ The Maori of New Zealand
☐ Tha Kanaks of New Caledonia

WOMEN

- ☐ Arab Women
☐ Women in Asia
☐ Female Circumcision, Excision and Infibulation
☐ Latin American Women

GENERAL INTEREST

- ☐ Race and Law in Britain and the US
☐ Constitutional Law and Minorities
☐ The Social Psychology of Minorities
☐ The International Protection of Minorities
☐ The Refugee Dilemma: International Recognition and Acceptance
☐ International Action against Genocide
☐ Teaching about Prejudice
☐ Children: Rights and Responsibilities

* Special offer: complete set of 71 reports — £70.00 (\$160 US) including a free subscription ☐

☐ I enclose a donation of _____ ☐ Please send a covenant form TOTAL ENCLOSED £ _____

From: _____



THE MINORITY RIGHTS GROUP Ltd.,
29 Craven Street, London WC2N 5NT, England
 (Registered Charity No. 282305)

NS

CONTENTS

FEATURES

- Peter Kellner** Britain's Bomb — yes or no? 5
Tim Malyon calls on the 'Drug Warriors' to stop and think again 7
Amir Taheri: The real Saudi Arabia; *plus* the *New Statesman* and *that* despatch 12-13
Mark Phillips: Big Bang or Big Hype? 14
Peter Hill: The courts need to overhaul the use of evidence 16
Jan Toporowski: Nigel goes naked into the sterling crisis 17
Katie Owen: French Socialism's double and treble binds 18
Misha Glenny: Nationalist fervour sweeps Hungarian youth 20
Victor Navasky on the American media and the Poindexer memo 21

ARTS

- Charles Fox**: Courtney Pine 22
Hugo Williams: Television 23
Judith Williamson: *Blood Red Roses* 23
Mary Harron: *Phantom of the Opera* 24
Donny O'Rourke: Records 26
Andrew Clements: *The Trojans* 26
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on German children's theatre 27

BOOKS

- Liz Heron**: Women with cameras 28
Glyn Hughes: Vargas Llosa 29
John Clute: Paul Theroux 29
Kathy Porter: A Pole in Russia 30
Gillian Wilce: Primo Levi 31
Justin Wintle: Ayer's Voltaire 31

BACKCHAT

- Ben Okri**: Parable of talent 36
Roz Kaveney: Love of dinosaurs 36
Colin Spencer: Food books 37
Crossword 37
Weekend competition 38
John Minnion 39
George Botterill: Chess 39
This England 39

PLUS

- Roger Woddis** 20
Letters 32

NEXT WEEK



The City goes Bang, and as it does international capital grows still stronger, the room for government manoeuvre in the financial world narrower. The *New Statesman* reports on what it means for people, politics and power

Don't misjudge the right

IN THE AFTERMATH of the Reykjavik summit, and of a triumphal Tory conference, it is imperative that we do not underestimate, or misunderstand, either the Reagan or the Thatcher governments. Especially not underestimate; for to represent the first as a simple bunch of warmongers, and the second as a range of extinct volcanoes, is to invite derision from potential but uncommitted supporters.



The talks in Iceland broke down, but have not yet wholly failed. Both the US and the Soviet Union have kept their bargaining cards on the table: Gorbachev has been particularly keen to stress that all need not be lost; Secretary of State George Shultz has looked forward to meeting Soviet Foreign Secretary Edward Shevardnadze in Vienna next week; while the Soviet special envoy, Victor Karpov, paid a long visit to the Prime Minister on Tuesday which lasted half an hour longer than scheduled and was described afterwards as showing 'grounds for further negotiation'.

There is much to object to in a strategy which plays poker with our lives. Less dramatically, it is not obvious why SDI should be coupled to reductions in intermediate weapons, since it is not a defence against them — except insofar as some SDI research is directed to anti-ballistic defences against the SS-21s, 22s and 23s which the Warsaw Pact deploy. But the US refusal to trade SDI has not yet resulted in a sudden escalation of tension.

The great hope for Western Europeans in Reykjavik was the emergence of a deal to rid our soil of cruise and Pershing. We have to keep up the pressure for its implementation; for acceptance of the view that 'Star Wars' research (now being undertaken on the Soviet as well as the US side, though less advanced) can never be the mythical perfect deterrent of the President's rhetoric; and (in the UK) for an increased public awareness that the acquisition of a new nuclear arsenal of Trident warheads directly contradicts the trend towards de-escalation, evident, if not realised, in the Iceland talks. No one, no matter how expert or committed, can this week predict whether or not Reykjavik is a closed or open door: it is the business of those determined to lift the threat of nuclear war to seek to keep the door open.

The Centre takes over

At home, the government has let it be known that it means to use local authorities as the whipping boys trade unions were in 1979; that a significant part of Conservative election campaign strategy will be devoted to smearing Labour councils with the problems of inner city decline, crime and bad

education. At the Tory Party conference, plans were unveiled to set up urban development corporations to take over many of the responsibilities of the town halls, in particular depressed urban areas, while some 20 city technical colleges will be established up and down the country. In both cases, the funds will be centrally disbursed (in partnership with local commerce). The weakening of local authorities continues.

Again, there is much to object to. The government is centralising power and weakening local democracy; it is addressing problems of its own making while laying the blame on authorities which have struggled against them for years; it will create a two-tier system in education which will make the lot of the inner city schools, struggling to attract teachers and resources, even worse.

It can afford to do so internally because it has lost so much of its local government base. The Conservatives control only 2 out of 12 inner London boroughs, 7 out of 20 outer London boroughs, 1 out of 36 metropolitan authorities (Solihull) and 11 out of 39 shire counties. The Tory local government voice inside the party is very weak.

It is a high-risk strategy: the experience of the GLC shows that a central government versus local democracy battle is weighted against the centre — and if this is so in London, it is much more the case in those areas where the capital is distrusted because it is the capital.

But the government has some shots in its locker, or it would not have embarked on this route. Even Labour politicians privately express worry and worse over the policies and practices of some Inner London boroughs and they express them publicly over Liverpool. The Inner London Education Authority faces a critical shortage of teachers, grave doubts on the part of many parents and low staff morale. Further, many Labour council leaders will admit that they do not have, and cannot acquire, the expertise to address the problems which the new development corporations presumably will.

The protection of inefficiency, low standards and bad management is a trap for any political party, and should not be attempted. Instead, the argument must be turned against the government, as the ILEA leadership is now seeking to do. The case for standards, efficiency and good management must be made and must be implemented in the name of local democracy, not be seen to be possible in spite of it. In this issue, as in the disarmament negotiations, politicians and activists serve best those in whose name they speak when they build on the possible, even where the foundations have been laid by their opponents. □

The general election will be next May

The wise money is moving to next spring as the date of the next election. And it is money which will determine it: April or May 1987 is the time when the government can most convincingly claim that all's well in the economy — before the chickens start roosting.

Some figures: inflation next year is likely to be low in the first six months — round about 3 per cent probably — but will start to rise to above 4 per cent in November, heading for 5 per cent by 1988. Unemployment usually loses some 50,000 off the rolls in April or May but, as this week's figures show, swells in the autumn as more hopeless school leavers come on to the job market.

A rise in the world trade because of the drop in oil prices is supposed to help all this. Indeed, many forecasters, including the Treasury and the Bank of England and the Chancellor himself, are pinning much faith on just this. But it hasn't happened yet, and economists are even now wondering why; and as the US economy slows, it may well not

happen at all.

So election in spring of 1987, with a still 'booming' economy (but soon to be busting, rapidly losing its North Sea oil platform) looks right. Whether it will mean that the country looks Right is another matter. ●

Branches in breach

The Electoral Reform Society's enquiry into July's elections to the posts of general secretary and general treasurer of the Civil & Public Services Association (CPSA) has found that 'in no case was [there] hard evidence of any attempt to "rig" the ballot'. but the confidential report is still alarming.

Breaches of regulations were 'widespread' and identified in 'a substantial majority of branches investigated', but many breaches were 'of a minor nature only'. Where the cases were more serious 'human failings were almost exclusively the cause'.

The Society's examiners looked into 200 complaints concerning 121

CPSA branches — 15 per cent of the CPSA's total number of branches. The highly critical findings included a recommendation that the elections be re-run. The union's NEC agreed. They will be held again in November, to conclude by Christmas.

The surprise result of the July elections was defeat for departing general secretary Alastair Graham's heir-apparent John Ellis by Militant member John Macreadie by 0.2 per cent of the poll. ●

T086

Next weekend (24-25 October) will bring round another reminder, if International Wages for Housework (IWHC) campaign has anything to do with it, of the estimate that the world's women have *twice* the workload of men for 5 per cent of the income (ILO estimate).

Women in Britain are being invited to join women in other countries in taking time off — acronym *T086* — during those two days from their: 'housework, mothering, office work, nursing, factory work, sex work, farming, schoolwork, and teaching'.

A similar event was attempted last year in connection with the final world conference of the UN Decade for Women (Nairobi, July 1985), where as a result of pressure by the IWHC it has resolved that gross national product statistics should be adjusted to quantify the unremunerated labour of women.

The UN General Assembly ratified that resolution on 6 November 1985. It is particularly designed to acknowledge and take into socio-economic figuring the 'horrendous workload in the family and on the land of Third World women'. ●

Nice one, Hacker

Remember the row over the last round of appointments and reappointments to health authorities last March, when the government removed many health authority chairpersons who had been critical of their policies — even including Conservative Party members, and one Labour chair who had been forced to resign from his local party over his support for the cuts?

They're at it again. The term of office of half the current members of regional health authorities ended on 30 September, and the DHSS will

soon announce the new membership. Earlier this year, Archy Kirkwood MP, Liberal Health spokesperson, attempted to find out whether political parties (other than the Tories, that is), could recommend anyone.

The department replied: '... these are not political appointments, and ministers are not required to consult individual political parties or organisations. However, you may be interested to know that ministers did in fact invite all Members of Parliament to submit nominations for these places at the commencement of this exercise.'

That reply took four months to arrive. Silly Kirkwood, fancy not noticing his invitation. Only... not so silly. It turns out after the most exhaustive enquiry that the so-called 'invitation' took the form of an answer to a written question, published in *Hansard* last November, with a deadline of mid-December for recommendations.

The number of MPs who look through the back of *Hansard* every day searching for stray invitations to nominate members of regional health authorities is in the nature of things a trifle limited. ●

Cadeby pit

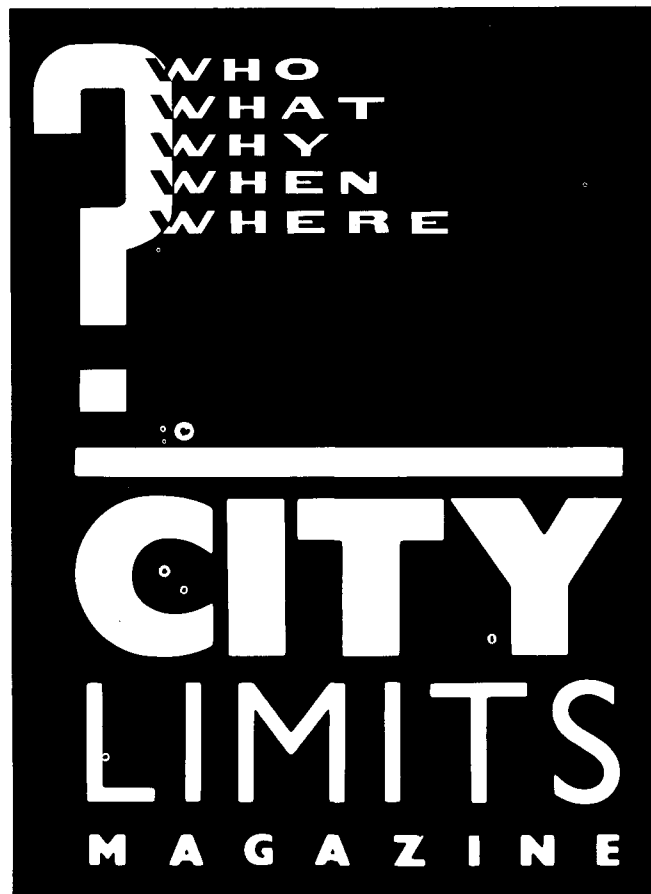
The Coal Industry's Independent Review Tribunal last Thursday recommended that Cadeby pit in South Yorkshire remain open.

It accepted the NCB's arguments that the pit, which employs around 320 people, isn't commercially viable. But Anthony Diamond QC, who was actually an NCB nominee to the body, says the Board should consider the wider effects of its action on the community.

The QC accepts that the redundant miners would themselves be assured of jobs, but recommends against the closure because of its overall effects on the area's economy and employment prospects.

Indeed, he claims that the Board 'are wrong to assume that there is no statutory obligation' to consider the social aspects. While there is an overall commitment to break even, wider issues must be considered in determining the rate of closure.

He concludes that even if the NCB overturn his finding against closure, it should consider making commitments to the local authorities to retain the two other remaining pits in the area. ●



THE ART AND SOUL OF LONDON

EIGHT DAYS A WEEK

Every Weds.

Dance, Film, Clubs, Concerts, Visual Arts, Theatre, Cabaret, Music, News, Reviews, Interviews



PETER KELLNER

Britain's Bomb, the Reagan factor and the next election

UNTIL THE DUST has settled and the clouds of hyperbole have dispersed, nobody can predict for certain what effect last weekend's mini-summit will have on British politics. A Tory-optimist would argue that it will help the government: western strength has brought the Russians to the negotiating table; this is no time to undermine western unity. A Labour-optimist would respond that President Reagan's intransigence stands in the way of serious disarmament; now is *precisely* the time for America's true friends to press it to do a deal that would rid Europe of nuclear weapons.

What is certain is that defence will figure prominently in political debate until the next election. It dominated the Liberal Assembly at the behest of David Steel's critics, the Labour Conference at the behest of the media and the Tory conference at the behest of the Prime Minister.

Past Labour election campaigns have tended to play down defence. At best it was likely to distract attention from the party's other policies. At worst it would positively propel people to vote Tory or Alliance.

During the past few weeks that reticence has gone. Labour's defence policy has been projected with a new confidence. Barring the odd clumsy remark by Denis Healey (made worse by some dubious editing on BBC TV's *Panorama*, which deleted Healey's qualifications to his remark that it was 'not inconceivable' that US nuclear bases might stay in Britain after the election of a Labour government), the party is now united. Neil Kinnock has started to handle TV interviewers with a directness that has startled those who used to condemn him as a 'Welsh windbag'. And there is mounting opinion poll evidence that Labour's defence policies could win votes.

Rather, there *seems* to be such evidence. In August a Gallup poll for CND found the public evenly divided on whether Britain should scrap Polaris. Asked, 'Do you agree or disagree that Britain should get rid of its nuclear weapons whatever other countries do?' 44 per cent agreed, while 46 per cent disagreed. Ten per cent replied 'don't know'. That 44 per cent is easily the highest anti-nuclear figure recorded by any opinion poll.

UNFORTUNATELY for those who (like me) support Labour's defence policy, it seems likely that public opinion is less sympathetic to Labour's policies than that single finding suggests.

Over the years, a variety of differently worded questions have been put to poll samples to test the popularity of Britain's nuclear weapons.

- Gallup, September 1980: 'It has been suggested that Britain should give up relying on nuclear weapons for defence whatever other countries decide. Is this a good idea or a bad idea?' Good idea — 21 per cent, bad idea — 67 per cent.

- MORI, December 1983: 'Could you tell me whether you favour or oppose the following policy for Britain: Get rid of nuclear weapons, even if other countries keep theirs?' Favour — 26 per cent, oppose — 70 per cent.

- British Social Attitudes survey, April 1983:

'Which, if either, of these statements comes closest to your own opinion of British nuclear policy: Britain should rid itself of nuclear weapons while persuading others to do the same (19 per cent); Britain should keep its nuclear weapons until we persuade others to reduce theirs (77 per cent)'.

- British Social Attitudes, March/April 1984 (repeat of 1983 question): Get rid of nuclear weapons — 23 per cent; keep them — 73 per cent.

- British Social Attitudes, April/May 1985 (repeat of 1983 question): Get rid of nuclear weapons — 27 per cent; keep them — 68 per cent.

- Gallup, July 1986 (repeat of 1980 question): Good idea — 33 per cent, bad idea — 57 per cent.

“The critics of American nuclear bases divide into those who dislike all nuclear weapons and those who favour a Gaullist approach”

- Harris, October 1986: 'Some people have suggested that Britain should get rid of all its own nuclear weapons even if other countries keep theirs. Do you agree or disagree?' Agree — 28 per cent, disagree 66 per cent.

That Harris survey, for TV-am, was conducted two weekends ago between the Labour and Conservative Party conferences. It is clearly out of line with Gallup's survey for CND — as is Gallup's own July finding. There are two possibilities; first, the Gallup/CND result was affected by the question wording; and/or second, that in August there was a peak of anti-nuclear sentiment which has now subsided.

MY OWN GUESS is that it was a bit of both. The Gallup/CND wording is certainly more likely to produce an anti-nuclear response than the Harris wording — though the effect of this is unlikely to raise the anti-nuclear score very much.

What is certainly true is that support for Britain getting rid of nuclear weapons has broadly increased since the early 1980s. Gallup (using its non-CND wording) found that the majority favouring the pro-nuclear position fell from 46 per cent in 1980 to 24 per cent this July. The British Social Attitudes series found that the majority, according to its question-wording, fell from 58 to 41 per cent between 1983 and 1985. A rather differently worded question, testing a separate but related point, has been used by Marplan. Asked whether people agree or disagree that 'Britain is safer having its own nuclear weapons', the majority agreeing has fallen from 22 per cent in August 1984 (agree 53 per cent, disagree 31) to 14 per cent this summer (50-36).

Nevertheless, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that most people still think it is wrong for Britain to give up its own Bomb, except as part of an international agreement. Worse, the latest Harris survey could provide the first indication that support for Britain's Bomb has started once more to increase. If so, the lessons for the next election campaign could be serious, for the change has occurred at a time when defence has been a subject of intensive media and political debate — just as it would be, if the Tories have their way, during a general election campaign.

LET US LEAVE that tentative conclusion for the moment and turn to more promising polling figures. These concern the siting of American nuclear weapons in Britain.

The British Social Attitudes series asks people: 'Do you think that the siting of American nuclear missiles in Britain makes Britain a safer or less safe place to live?' The answers have been: 1983 (pre-cruise) — safer 38 per cent, less safe 48 per cent; 1984 — safer 36 per cent, less safe 54 per cent.

This modest but consistent shift towards opposition to American nuclear bases is confirmed by Marplan's questions: 'Do you agree or disagree that the government should tell the American government to remove its cruise missiles from British soil?' The majority agreeing has almost doubled from 12 per cent in 1984 (agree 48 per cent, disagree 36 per cent) to 22 per cent this year (agree 54 per cent, disagree 32 per cent).

After this year's Labour conference, Harris specifically tested the party's policy: 'It has been suggested that Britain should no longer allow American nuclear bases to operate in this country but allow American conventional forces to remain. Do you agree or disagree?' Agree — 53 per cent, disagree 40 per cent.

That result must be treated with care. Those disagreeing include people who want all American bases removed, as well as those who want cruise to stay. And those agreeing include people who don't like the Americans, but believe Britain should keep its own nuclear weapons.

Therein lies Labour's problem. It has captured the public mood when it is criticising Washington, and attacking Mrs Thatcher's willingness to do Reagan's bidding. As Healey said at the time of the Libyan bombing raid, 'when President Reagan says "jump", the Prime Minister replies "how high"?' But the critics of American nuclear bases divide into two distinct camps: those who dislike *all* nuclear weapons, and those who favour a Gaullist approach — get rid of the Americans *but on condition that Britain keeps its own Bomb*. It is a plea for a chauvinist-nuclear rather than a non-nuclear defence policy.

Labour's electoral difficulty lies in its combination of decommissioning Polaris *and* removing American nuclear bases. Either half of the policy could probably be sold to sufficient numbers of voters to serve the party's purposes; its problem is to sell both halves simultaneously. Can it be done? Watch this space. □

The right's unwelcome embrace?

THE SOFT LEFT is going to be politically squeezed between the hard left and a tactically-voting right wing among the Labour Party grass roots, according to analysis of this year's elections for the constituency section of the national executive.

The post mortem reveals that the hard left Campaign Group is still the strongest slate, and that the right wing threw its weight behind selected 'acceptable' soft left candidates. The three main slates for the seven places were:

- The right-wing Labour Forward supported Ashley, Kaufman and Blunkett.
- The soft left Labour Coordinating Committee (LCC) supported Blunkett, Cook, Galloway, Meacher, Profitt, Richardson, Smith and Wise.
- The Campaign Group supported Benn, Dalyell, Heffer, Meacher, Richardson, Skinner and Wise. The Campaign for Labour Party Democracy substituted Russell Profitt for Meacher.

Out of 633 constituencies, 584 voted, 80 per cent of them for positions. The Campaign Group/hard left received 48 per cent of the 'recognisable' votes, the right wing 33 per cent, and the LCC 19 per cent.

There were also 30 constituencies which voted the straight Campaign Group slate except for substituting Blunkett for Heffer — which was the actual result.

Blunkett, Meacher, Profitt, Richardson and Wise are all on more than one slate — which explains very high votes in some cases. Examination of 'cross voting' indicates the way the right wing swung its votes behind the LCC to create an exaggerated impression of the level of support for the soft left. The right wing's slate only specified three out of the seven places. But in right wing constituencies (those voting for both Ashley and Kaufman), 78,000 votes were cast for Cook, 127,000 for Meacher and 137,000 for Blunkett. The right wing also cast 99,000 votes for Tam Dalyell, who was elected to the national executive this year in place of Eric Heffer.

Voting for black and women candidates was strikingly skewed by the political position of constituencies: 53 per cent of hard left constituencies voted for two women candidates compared to 27 per cent of the LCC and 0 per cent of the right-wing. The right wing delivered two constituencies for Russell Profitt, the leading black candidate, the LCC two (despite being on their slate) and the hard left 42.

Radical division of spoils

SUCCESS of sorts, in the affairs of Pluto Press, the radical publishers who called in the receivers last month (NS 26 September). A consortium fronted by publishers Allison and Busby acquired the company last Tuesday for just £81,000 — which looks like a bargain set against the £250,000 invested in Pluto by the Rowntree Trust and the Greater London Enterprise Board last year.

The receivers will have cleared the company's

overdraft but there's unlikely to be much left for the remaining creditors, who are owed several hundreds of thousands of pounds.

There has been a great deal of acrimony in the bidding. A rival consortium was formed by Peter Ayrton of Al Saki, who resigned his job with Pluto in May because, he says, he had no confidence in the editorial or financial judgment of its management. He says he was prepared to top Allison and Busby's bid, but was at the Frankfurt book fair at the time and their bid went through before he could make a higher offer. The former management of Pluto already had connections with Allison and Busby through their jointly owned representation company, Volume Sales, which was wound up shortly before Pluto's collapse (NS 1 August), and there's no doubt that, given the choice, they would prefer Pluto to end up with Allison and Busby rather than Ayrton.

Allison and Busby — who appear to own only a small stake in Pluto — will manage it as a separate company. Nina and Michael Kidron, associated with Pluto almost since the inception, have been able to buy back from the receiver the profitable 'projects' part of the business. This is a packaging operation, one of whose most successful ventures has been the *State of the World Atlas*, co-authored by Michael Kidron. The Kidrons and Richard Kuper, who founded Pluto, may yet continue to work for the company — Allison and Busby director Clive Allison says he hopes they will have 'considerable involvement' in the new Pluto.

Allison seemed somewhat overwhelmed last week with the new acquisition (Pluto's turnover has been higher than his own company's) but said he intends 'to keep the list together and honour the contracts as far as is practicable'. Given that there are more than 100 forward contracts signed, this is an optimistic aim. He didn't appear to envisage any major change in editorial direction: 'I have a great deal of respect for the job Pluto have done and the way they did it . . . I think it is important that the Pluto imprint does do a pamphleteering sort of fairly instant, topical issue, polemical, sound-off title . . . but it's also important that there are longer lasting, bigger, more important books. The balance between those two needs to be quite clearly sorted out.'

Jolyon Jenkins

Tories win the conference season

'A BETTING SHOP with Nigel Lawson as the bookies' runner' was how Labour conference darling David Blunkett described the Tories' model economy. But the verdict from the real betting shops is that the Conservatives did best out of the party conferences — at the expense equally of Labour and the Liberal/SDP Alliance.

We took soundings before the conference season began on 12 September (the penultimate column in the table below), since when the Tories have gained six points and Labour and the Alliance lost three each. This restores the Tories to last year's levels, with the difference being the eclipse of the Alliance, moved back to 33-1 by Ladbroke — the sort of odds you'd get on a horse that could only win if the other runners were disqualified on drug tests.

Tick-Tack Index 1985-86

	Jun	Sept	Dec	Mar	Jun	Sept	NOW
Con	53	53	55	49	43	49	55
Lab	35	35	33	41	49	44	41
Lib/SDP	11	12	11	10	8	7	4

The score is the percentage probability of each party winning the most seats at the next election, as implied by the odds quoted by Ladbroke, William Hill and Coral.

As soon as Mrs Thatcher sat down to her statutory ovation on Friday, the bookies changed their odds. All three of our bookmakers now quote the Tories as odds-on favourites to be the largest party after the next election. Coral are most pessimistic about Labour's chances, and hence still offer the best odds for left-wing optimists, unchanged at 5-4, which will win you £5 and your stake back for every £4 (plus 40p betting tax) you wager. If you must bet on the Tories — perhaps as a consolation? — William Hill offer the best odds at 4-6 on.

The bookies won't quote odds on Tories or Labour winning an overall majority unless someone's prepared to put money on it, which they are not. But on Channel 4 News last week Oxford psephologist David Butler and MORI pollster Bob Worcester gave their readings of the form. Using the American-style percentage probabilities adopted by the Tick-Tack Index, Butler rated a Tory overall majority a 30 per cent probability and Labour 25 per cent. Worcester rated the Tories 20 per cent and Labour 30 per cent. They rated a hung parliament a 45-50 per cent probability, as against Ladbroke's odds, 3-1 on, which suggest 75 per cent. Both agreed an Alliance overall majority was less than 1 per cent probable.

Meanwhile Ladbroke were so intrigued by the idea of Nigel Lawson as a bookies' runner — a very good training for high Tory office — that he enters the succession pop chart at No.7.

Next Tory Leader Stakes

1 (1)	Geoffrey Howe	7-4 fav
2 (2)	Peter Walker	3-1 (9-4)
3 (3)	Kenneth Baker	5-1 (9-2)
4 (-)	George Younger	6-1 (new entry)
5 (5)	Norman Tebbit	7-1
6 (4)	Douglas Hurd	8-1 (5-1)
7 (-)	Nigel Lawson	10-1 (new entry)
Anyone else (come on down Michael Heseltine)		16-1 (Pre-conference positions in brackets)

Source: Ladbroke

The highest new entry, at No 4, is Defence Secretary George Younger, in charge of terrifying the electorate with Labour's defence policy. Favourite Geoffrey Howe has fallen asleep in the No 1 slot, while arch wet Peter Walker and super smarmy Kenneth Baker — despite the hype — have suffered, but hold onto second and third place. New improved softer, stronger, longer Norman Tebbit retains market share, while Douglas Hurd slips below him because he wouldn't give'em blood at Bournemouth.

John Rentoul

Full tilt towards a no-win 'Vietnam' war on drugs

From David Mellor's publicity junket scattering banknotes over South

America, to Reagan's 'jar wars'

demands for urine samples from

Federal employees, to this month's

majority recommendations at the

EuroParliament, the Rambo instinct is in full cry against 'the drugs menace'.

TIM MALYON *surveys the evidence*

against the American-led panic which

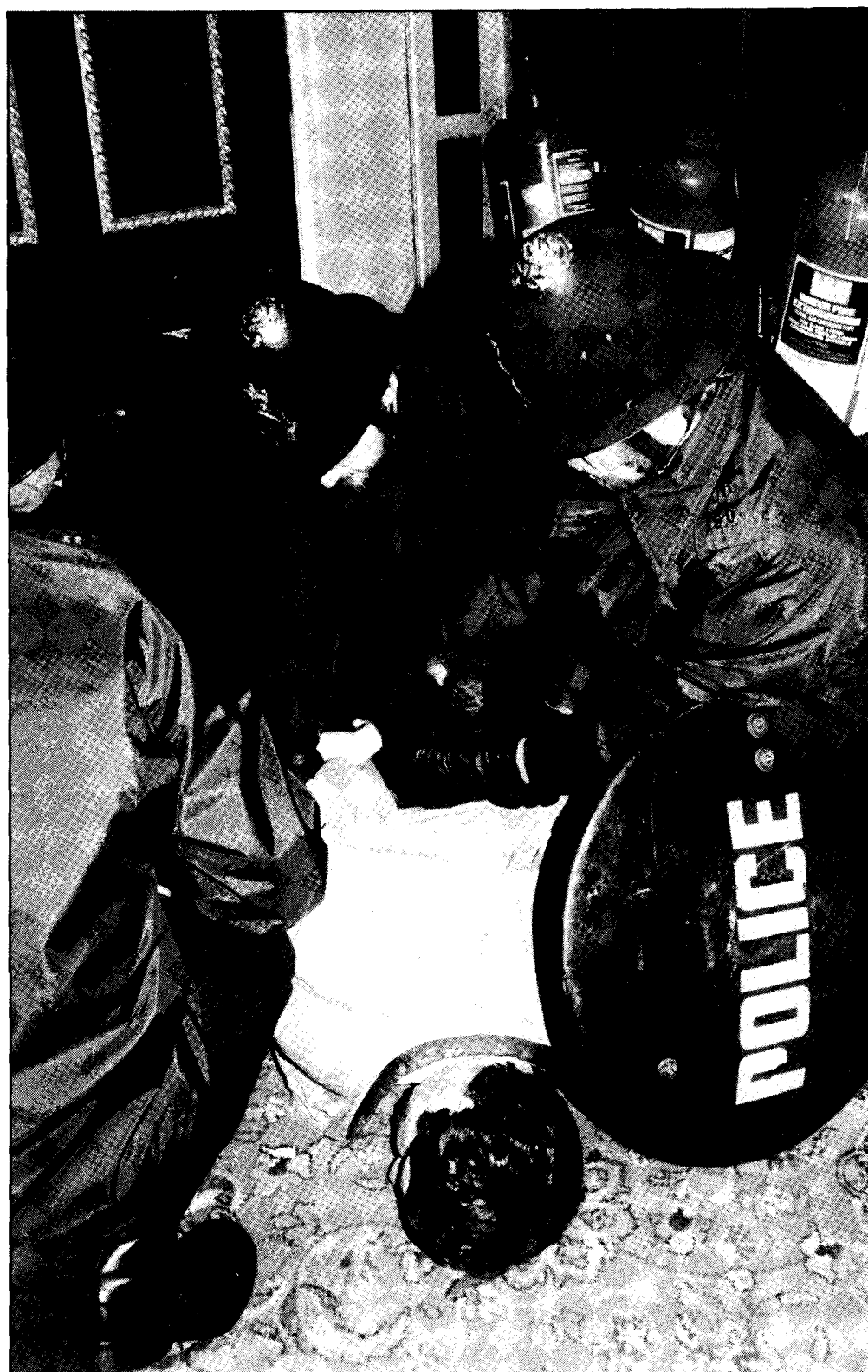
is trying to sweep all dissent under the carpet

'AMSTERDAM is the cesspit of Europe', huffed Tory MEP Andrew Pierce at a press conference on 1 October. 'The poison from there has spread around. It's like one man with a foul smell in his garden. I believe the Dutch government ought to be looking to their consciences.'

His remarks were the opening shot of a bitter European controversy about methods of managing drug use and abuse. Pierce is a member of the 'European Committee of Enquiry Into The Drugs Problem In The Member States Of The Community' whose report was voted through the European parliament last week under the slogan 'The European Parliament Takes Drugs Seriously.' The report recommends uniform drug enforcement and sentencing approaches throughout the Community — a direct attack on Holland's long-standing liberal drugs policies. Pierce concluded his remarkable concoction of metaphors with a call for fresh pressure on the Netherlands 'to get its stables cleared out.'

Five members of the enquiry committee, a Green, a Communist, and three Socialists including the Labour MEP for London East, Carole Tongue, were so dismayed by the committee's off-hand rejection of drug law liberalisation that they produced a minority report, published simultaneously. This demands further study into the whole question of legalising certain drugs so as to curb the massive illicit market. Pierce's response was characteristic: 'Is that Labour party policy? Is Kinnock going to announce that the Labour party is going soft on drugs?'

Pierce's tone is typical of the present climate in which critics of total war on drugs risk character assassination and accusations of being 'soft on drugs' reminiscent of Senator McCarthy's insults to people he accused of being 'soft on communism'. This witch-hunt is indeed largely an American import. Nancy and Ronald lead the war from their fireside while lesser politicians, both Republican and Democrat, vie to come up with yet



Drugs raid last August: violent images like this convince a majority of politicians that their 'drugs war' is getting somewhere — and they hope it will convince the 'First World' electorates that the problems are being 'tackled'. They aren't

Mail Newspapers

more repressive measures in time for the crucial mid-term November elections. As a result, confused children are turning in their sniffing and smoking parents, traffickers are being threatened with the death penalty, a third of all US *Fortune 500* corporations are instituting employee urine tests — some of which will show up brown bread and poppy seed consumption as drug positive — and cannabis is being targeted as 'a gateway drug.' Recidivist users are threatened with incarceration in profit-making, privatised prison camps.

The main institutions so far to have raised objections to this climate are the American military, already ensconced in anti-drugs actions in Bolivia (who fear being involved in a war they are even less likely to win than Vietnam), and the American Civil Liberties Union, who argue that drug testing is a fundamental invasion of privacy. Both the ACLU and employee unions are opposing Reagan's 'jar wars' attempt to urine test about half of all Federal employees.

Current cocaine and 'crack' hysteria stems from

Future highs

FROM HEROIN, originally developed as a miracle non-addictive morphine substitute, to methadone, developed as a non-addictive (*sic*) heroin substitute, to LSD to bath-tub amphetamines, chemists have played a comparable role in Western drug habits to Third World cultivators. Drug company boffins, as well as freelancers, have some new tricks under their microscopes which may revolutionise the market and affect government policies.

'Designer drugs,' chemical analogues of existing prohibited substances which circumvent controls by slightly altering molecular structures, have been available in the USA for some years. The best-known is 'ecstasy' (MDMA) a less raunchy version of the psychedelic MDA. Said to generate feelings of openness and empathy it was being used with some success by therapists in the USA until recently outlawed. Illegal in the UK since 1977, when an alert government chemist included it in the long list of banned amphetamine analogues.

US designer drugs which have caused real problems are derivatives of the opiates fentanyl and pethidine. A pethidine analogue started to appear on US West Coast streets which caused symptoms similar to Parkinson's disease. The UK government chemist now thinks he has a form of words to control these substances by referring to chemically generic descriptions which subsume all foreseeable analogues. The game of molecular hide and seek could however prove a severe problem with other drug types.

Drug company chemists are researching memory drugs as a treatment for Alzheimer's Disease — senile dementia. Improving the memory, or at least not losing it, is likely to be perceived as a more respectable goal of drug use than getting high. The public is sure to want to try these drugs and a large illicit market is inevitable if legal availability is restricted to prescription for senile dementia. What might be the appropriate form of control and supply for such futuristic substances? ●

the USA. (Crack is a cocaine paste derivative which can be smoked and delivers an intense, short-lived high followed by a depressive 'down'.) For nearly two years, we have been warned that a wave of cocaine powder, heroin's 'twin sister of death' — the phrase is Home Office minister David Mellor's — is about to break on our shores. Massive media and political attention has been concentrated on this substance. Yet under our proverbial noses amphetamines ('speed' or 'whizz') have long been one of the most widely used illicit drugs in the UK. There were five times more amphetamine seizures in the UK in 1985 than cocaine seizures. Amphetamine seizures now exceed heroin seizures and rose by 20 per cent over the previous year, while cocaine busts dropped by a quarter.

The big killers

Amphetamines are of course home produced. Occasional use does not generally cause problems. Damage from chronic abuse, however, has long been appreciated by professionals and neglected by those responsible for providing services, just as there is a disgraceful lack of facilities for tranquiliser abuse, a prescribed drug problem which dwarfs all illegal drugs in sheer numbers of users.

But then, busting bath-tub amphetamine production facilities in Devon and Cornwall, or providing more money for appropriate counselling and prevention services for tranquiliser addicts, does not have the media attraction to compete with David Mellor's recent flights of fantasy over South American jungles. Mellor threw away £1.5 million in grants to South American governments for additional, and certain to be ineffective, law enforcement against a drug which the Americans had persuaded him was important. The headlines looked good and he was promptly promoted on return. The irony of such profligate opportunism has not been lost on the alcohol and tobacco prevention lobbies. Mellor's £1.5 million wasted in South America constitutes over half Britain's entire budget for alcohol education and information.

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL On The Misuse Of Drugs estimates that there are 40-70,000 problem drug users in the UK, compared to 750,000-1 million alcohol users at risk and 14.8 million tobacco smokers. There are 5,000-8,000 deaths due to alcohol every year, 100,000 due to tobacco, 200-250 due to illegal drugs and solvents. Youth drinking and smoking are both on the increase. Statistics on car accidents, suicides, violent crime, marital and child abuse, and psychiatric illness due to alcohol are horrifying. The tobacco industry spends over £100 million per annum in the UK on advertising and promotion, and provides the government with £4 billion of revenue. Only £7 million of this is ploughed back into education and information campaigns, despite the DHSS estimate that smoking-related diseases cost £370 million per annum to treat.

This is not to deny the misery and suffering caused by drug addiction, both to users and their friends and families. Nor is it to deny that cocaine and 'crack' may cause problems in the UK. What is important is to bring all drug problems into comparative focus, so that political hyperbole and rhetoric bear some relation to real needs. One of

the silliest parts of the European committee of enquiry report, and therefore one of the most illuminating, is its attempted definition of 'drugs' as 'those chemical or plant-derived substances which can cause a user to experience physical, mental or emotional changes and are illegal.'

The crux, of course, is whether David Mellor's jungle warfare is winnable. During my research for this article, speaking with Home Office officials, a senior customs officer, politicians and drug workers in the field, I could find nobody to say that law enforcement could have a significant impact on the illicit market. The European report estimates that 5 per cent of illicit drugs destined for the EEC are seized. Even the report's convenor, Tory MEP Sir Jack Stewart-Clark, reckoned that if the entire armoury of additional law enforcement measures which he is demanding were enacted, 'no more than 20 per cent might be seized — significant reduction, perhaps not; prevention from significant increase, perhaps yes'. David Mellor himself admits that government 'can guarantee to seize but a limited proportion of what comes here.' Even if 20 per cent were seized, it would be unlikely to make a dent on street availability. In producer countries there are already too many illicit crops chasing the consumer market. The US State Department can confirm this. 'Worldwide production of illicit opium, coca leaf and cannabis in 1985,' it stated recently, 'was still many times the amount currently consumed by drug abusers.'

The drug war, however, continues regardless, developing ever newer weapons which inevitably erode precious freedoms. The latest addition to this armoury in the UK is The Drug Trafficking Offences Act which received the royal assent on 8 July. Similar legislation has been enacted in Italy and the USA. The bill received all-party support in parliament despite the fact that it overturns a fundamental cornerstone of British justice, the presumption that a defendant is innocent until proven guilty. Anyone convicted in Crown Court of a drug trafficking offence, however small, is now liable to have all assets acquired during the last six years confiscated, unless they can prove that the assets were legally acquired. This assumption, that assets are illegal unless proven otherwise, is drily described in the *Law Society Gazette*, not an organ prone to overstatement, as 'most unusual in a criminal statute.' The NCCL bitterly opposes it.

The act grants wide powers to police and customs to search suspected traffickers' bank and personal records, and files on them held by government departments. These powers override any secrecy obligations or other statutory restrictions on disclosure of information.

If this is the new weapon, will it succeed? The *Law Society Gazette* has already stated that the act cannot grapple with one fundamental problem — destroying 'the real nerve centre of the operation.' A senior City accountant who has seen the provisions is likewise not optimistic about success. Laundering money is basically a system of passing funds from account to account or through businesses under different names to conceal its origins: 'It's really not difficult if you know how to work the system. The smart people will know the right methods to avoid leaving a trail.' Both the accountant and Jane Goodsir from Release are in agreement that the people most likely to be put on

the street by this new law are small-business-person drug users who do some dealing on the side.

IT SEEMS extraordinary, in the face of widespread evidence that the drugs war is NOT WINNABLE that so little attention has been paid to alternative strategies.

The key to any fresh approach towards drug use and abuse is acceptance of the fact that humankind has been using a bewildering array of mind-bending substances since the dawn of civilisation and is unlikely to change its ways. A recent Radio 4 documentary, George Monbiot's 'Dreamflower and The Toadstool Spell,' should be compulsory listening for all involved in drug policy formulation. Monbiot demonstrated how massive slices of our culture, folk tradition and religion derive from drug use, from the earliest shamanistic trances to the average sixty thousand pounds of opium consumed every year in 19th century England, to tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco. 'Our folklore, part of our history, perhaps our religion,' Monbiot concluded, 'are all dependent on chemicals that come from fungi, animals and plants. We are following a tradition of drug dependency.'

Drugs tend to have their most destructive effect on cultures when first introduced, before 'codes of consumption,' to borrow anthropologist Anthony Henman's phrase, have developed. This applies to crack in Miami ghettos; or alcohol abuse in American Indian cultures already adept at coping with a potent array of psychedelic vegetables.

Professor Norman Zinberg MD, from Harvard University, has been researching addictive behaviour since the '60s. Widely respected during the Kennedy/Johnson/Carter era of relatively open-thinking on drug issues, he is no longer flavour of the month in Washington. Zinberg has conducted a series of studies in 'controlled' drug use. He cites the example of LSD, a drug which received massive 'shock horror' publicity in the sixties and seventies, and was involved in large numbers of hospital admissions for psychotic behaviour. Its availability and use in the UK and USA has remained remarkably constant over the years. It was my experience, working with Release and other agencies, especially at 'rock' festival emergency facilities, that casualties from LSD use dropped dramatically over the years, even at times when supplies were widely available.

Vim in the veins

Studies in the USA confirm these subjective impressions. 'By the early 1970's,' Zinberg asserts, 'the admission of psychedelic users to mental health facilities for the treatment of acute or even long-term psychotic episodes following drug use, which had occurred frequently in the late sixties and through 1970, had all but disappeared.' Zinberg has recently carried out an important study of 98 heroin users in the Boston area, contacting people through colleges, clinics, friends, and newspaper advertisements. Out of 98 users, he found 61 'controlled' users, who were clearly not addicted and whose lives were not centred around the drug; 30 'compulsive' users; and seven 'marginals'. The controlled users employed an array of strategies, such as not using

Soft protests of former custodian of 'British system'

H B 'BING' SPEAR, a legendary figure in contemporary British drug lore, retired two weeks ago as chief inspector of the Home Office drugs inspectorate where he had worked since 1952. The inspectorate supervises production and distribution of legal supplies of controlled drugs such as heroin, in particular doctors' prescriptions to addicts whom they are treating. As its chief since 1977, Spear had a unique knowledge and experience of the 'British system' of maintaining chronic addicts on legal supplies of opiate drugs, including heroin, which lasted from 1926 to the early eighties. He laments its demise.

Bing is a remarkable figure, a calm besuited Home Office official who 'learned the street', then stayed in touch. He also cares. 'The legend was, he knew all the addicts personally, which was only a slight exaggeration,' remembers Rev Ken Leech, famous for his pioneering work with addicts in the sixties. 'He was very much the sort of person whom addicts would visit and ask for advice. They trusted him, respected him, thought the world of him, which is remarkable. It would only have taken one slip to have lost that.' Although Spear has long enjoyed the respect of addicts and street agencies, successive governments, as well as a powerful clique of senior consultants in the addiction clinics, haven't always appreciated his experience. 'He's been very much a lone fighter,' Leech concludes, 'and I'm not sure people took too much notice of him in the corridors of power.'

Spear particularly regrets the decision, taken by a group of clinic doctors during the late seventies and early eighties, firstly virtually to stop all heroin prescribing, then to stop prescribing of injectable drugs, then to deny the validity of long-term maintenance prescribing as a treatment mode for chronic addicts. These clinic consultants effectively closed down the 'British

System' a unique experiment in harm prevention, without a word of external consultation — at precisely the time that large amounts of illicit Chinese and Iranian heroin were appearing on the street.

'Inevitably it is a matter for the doctors how they treat addicts,' Spear now says to the NS. 'What I find difficult to accept is that they have done that in isolation from the problem. There is a relationship between what a doctor does with his prescription pad, how he treats an addict, and what happens to the broader problem. I just wonder what would have happened, whether we could have contained the problem for a while, delayed what we've got now, if those decisions hadn't been taken. It's difficult to say. We would still have a problem, there's no doubt about that. But I think there has been a tendency to place the interests of the medical profession ahead of the interests of the country as a whole.'

Spear remembers two Canadian addicts who used to come and see him at the Home Office. 'They used to come in to see me fairly often for a chat. Certainly they could walk in and out of the Home Office and nobody would know they were addicts. Neatly-dressed, well-behaved, reasonable looking, they were on fairly heavy heroin doses, both of them, injecting, had been for yonks. There are stable addicts — the argument is of course is about how many. I'm certainly not arguing that young people who are smoking heroin should be given injectable 'scripts' [Prescriptions]. That's manifestly nonsense.'

And what about the distinctions between legal and illegal drugs? 'I heard a lady recently talking about healthy drinking as not harmful. If you say that about drugs, you're in trouble.' He paused and smiled. 'I'd just like to point out the contradiction.'

on consecutive days, only using at weekends, never using before work, not using to counter depression, cleaning up their living area before using, strict budgeting of funds for drugs, not using alone, to cite just a few.

Zinberg concludes that 'emphasis should be shifted from the prevention of all use, to the prevention of dysfunctional use,' comparing good drug education to good sex education. He believes that prohibition actually inhibits the teaching and accumulation of sensible 'codes of consumption'. Recent events underline the sagacity of his words. If some of the British government's drug advertising budget had been spent on putting across the most basic of harm prevention messages, *never to use alcohol in combination with any type of opiate drugs*, Olivia Channon and many others might still be alive today. One third of all illicit drug overdoses in the UK last year occurred in combination with alcohol.

Aids highlights the ethics of harm reduction and prohibition, as it spreads swiftly among injecting addicts who share needles, especially in Scotland where few doctors are prepared to prescribe

injectable drugs or needles. Making needles and syringes available with good health education information is a fundamental harm reduction strategy, yet so far, the government has refused to do it. A Scottish Office report now recommends that clean needles and syringes should be made available to addicts. The unpalatable logic of such a move, without any further attempts at harm reduction, is that addicts dying from Vim in their veins is not a legitimate matter for public concern — until they pose a threat to the general population by spreading the Aids virus.

Harm reduction and teaching sensible use patterns has long been the accepted strategy of those concerned with reducing alcohol abuse. The latest Health Education Council booklet *That's The Limit* promotes the slogan 'Why spoil a good thing?' Karin Pappenheim from Alcohol Concern emphasises how health education has abandoned exhortations to stop drinking, 'because that just doesn't work. We are not an anti-drink organisation. People need to learn to be sensible drinkers.' She also believes from a health education standpoint that all drugs should be

brought under the same umbrella. 'You can't deal with one drug without looking at the rest. We have to see all the addictive substances in the same context,' adding that discouraging heroin use may simply lead to increased alcohol abuse, among the young in particular.

Prohibition causes an illicit, uncontrolled market to thrive. The alternative is an orderly introduction of graded controls, which make harmful substances more available and less expensive than more harmful substances. Nobody is suggesting selling heroin across the counter in sweet jars. In fact people who favour abolishing prohibition often take a hard line on the whole area of drug supply, including alcohol and tobacco. They tend, for instance, towards banning advertising. I find it ironic that the most ardent Anglo-American drug warriors are often also the most ardent supporters of the free market and lack of controls on tobacco and alcohol.

There is some evidence that long-term usage does not increase, may even *decrease*, as controls on illicit substances are lifted. All the studies to date have shown no significant difference in usage between decriminalised states and others. New statistics on the USA publicised this 11 October show virtually all illicit drug use to be on the *decrease* – other than cocaine.

THE ONLY Western nation still experimenting with quasi-legal supply is Holland, now that the UK has almost given up its heroin prescribing system (see box). Trafficking and possession of all common illicit drugs, such as cannabis, heroin and cocaine, are illegal in Holland but Dutch law includes an 'expediency principle' whereby the Public Prosecutions Department can refrain from bringing criminal proceedings 'on grounds deriving from the general good.' Cannabis use and

possession are accordingly not usually prosecuted, nor is small-scale supply, particularly in certain quasi-licensed venues.

Since this policy was implemented in 1976, cannabis use in Holland has actually decreased. In 1976, 3 per cent of young people aged 15-16, and 10 per cent of people aged 17-18, had 'occasionally smoked' cannabis. In 1985 these figures were 2 per cent and 6 per cent respectively. In 1983 only 12 per cent of the 14-24 age group in Holland had ever smoked cannabis, as compared to 18 per cent in West Germany (1982). West Germany has no legal supply system for cannabis, and exerts tremendous pressure on the Netherlands government to terminate its own. Cannabis use in West Germany is also rising, in contrast to Holland.

A problem of supply

Eddy Engelsman is a medical sociologist who is responsible for advising the Dutch government on both alcohol and drug policies. He believes the Dutch will emphatically reject the European committee of enquiry's call for harmonisation of Community sentencing policy, which would destroy Dutch drug philosophy: 'We find it strange, waging drug crusades, giving up fundamental citizens' rights for drugs. The Dutch people form one tight block now, because we are attacked. We do take drug problems seriously, and we have creative, new ideas about them. Now, what we are doing has become unthinkable.'

There are few politicians outside Holland prepared to think the unthinkable. The Labour MP for London East, Carole Tongue, is one. Rare among politicians, she knows what she is talking about in this unpopular field, and is prepared to put her reputation on the line. As a member of the European committee of enquiry she was

sufficiently exasperated by the blinkered attitudes of the majority to share in the minority report, whose main recommendation is the establishment of a European study group, and holding of a European conference to look at 'the legalisation of drugs in order to eradicate drug trafficking.' After pressure at last week's Strasbourg debate a diluted version of the demand was accepted.

British Labour Party drugs policy remains at core simply a more humane version of Tory policy. Robin Corbett and Frank Dobson, respectively responsible for law enforcement and health, both want more money spent on rehabilitation and prevention. Corbett wants more uniformed customs officers. Dobson supports the provision of needles and syringes to injecting addicts to prevent Aids. They also both want greater restrictions on alcohol, and especially on tobacco advertising. 'Tobacco is the only industry that kills a hundred thousand of its customers every year,' Dobson remarked wryly.

Most politicians with whom I have spoken, left, right or centre, seem to have devoted little original thought to the drug issue, Lords Melchett and Gifford, Peter Archer and Clive Soley being the notable socialist exceptions. The drugs topic, like 'sex' and 'violence', attracts and repels, often inviting rigid, emotionally conditioned defensive reactions from politicians and public alike. The press panders to this.

Labour Party reluctance to face up to fundamental drug policy issues is electorally understandable but could be a grave mistake in the long run. Carole Tongue goes to the heart of the matter in her concluding remark to the NS: 'How are we going to face up the problem of supply of these substances? — because we're not going to get rid of them. The mafia is in *favour* of prohibition. We really should be asking who is benefiting from the present illegal regime.'

We have been told so many times now what massive sums 'the drug barons' earn that we are becoming immune to the implications. Cannabis is now the second largest cash crop in the USA after corn. Of the \$30 billion in Eurocurrency deposited in Swiss banks, 20 per cent is estimated to be drug money. Scotland Yard reckons that over £200 million was spent on illicit drugs in 1984 in London alone.

That kind of cash does not just go into yachts, fast cars and high living. The Sicilian mafia owns massive sectors of the legitimate economy, including much of the construction industry, and buys politicians. Money generated by drug trafficking is creating, right now, states within states, in the law enforcement, political and business sectors. People controlling that money have generally been of right wing or far right persuasion. There is also a disturbing, well-documented history of state security services funding operations outside democratic control through the drug traffic.

It is time that the drug warriors like David Mellor realised, not only that their policies are ineffective and increasingly curbing our basic freedoms, but also that they nurture organisations which pose a fundamental threat to our democratic institutions. It is time to start disarming, before it is too late. □

Tim Malyon is a former drug counsellor and co-author of *Big Deal: The Politics of the Illicit Drugs Business*.





Scratch the surface and you'll find Hoechst High Chem

You needn't go far behind the surface of British industrial success to find Hoechst at work.

As one of the largest German investors in the UK we supply not only raw materials to industry but also the knowledge and techniques which help to make tomorrow's progress possible.

To this end we employ almost 7,000 people in the country and commit over £3 million annually to pharmaceutical research and development at Milton Keynes, just one of our 26 centres in Great Britain.

All as part of our worldwide philosophy of Hoechst High Chem, devoted to harnessing the discoveries of science to the needs of industries as diverse as British agriculture, North Sea Oil, communications and electronics, building, engineering and textiles.

With over £75 million worth of annual exports, laying a further foundation to Britain's economic prosperity.

A foundation that's firm, yet never far below the surface.

Hoechst. The High Chem Company.

Hoechst



We spend £10 million a week on research to produce better chemicals, pharmaceuticals, fibres, plastics, dyes, agrochemicals, veterinary products, reprographics and many other vital products. For the complete picture, please send for a copy of "Finding New Ways" to Hoechst UK Ltd., Publicity Dept R, Salisbury Road, Hounslow, Middlesex TW1 6JH. Telephone: 01-570 7712. Ext. 3366.

The affair of the Saudi despatch

The government was last week granted an injunction banning the New Statesman from publishing the valedictory despatch written by Sir James Craig to Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, at the end of his tour of duty as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia in 1984. Why did we want to print it?

THE JUSTIFICATION for attempting to publish Sir James's despatch (the second of two) is simply this: it enlarged our understanding of what our governors think of a society which is critically important to us. We explain below why it is so important. However, in the end the reason is the classic one which journalists everywhere use to justify their craft: the public has a right to know what its representatives and its public servants know.

There are obvious limits: danger to life and limb from publishing certain information is one. But ambassadors' views of the country in which they have served a tour of duty cannot reasonably be included. Indeed, there is a case for saying that they should as a matter of rule be public documents, available for publication in newspapers, so that we might all benefit from having kept a diplomat in the style to which the British diplomatic service — in its upper echelons — has become accustomed. Politicians and senior civil servants in this country will, in private and in public, make much of the ignorance and shallowness of the press (and they are often right in that). They do not reflect on their part in perpetuating that state of affairs by habitually guarding information and opinions as the preserve of a series of interlocking closed circles.

Nor will they often hesitate in the face of known hypocrisies about these issues. The old adage — 'You leak, I brief' — is as true today as ever. Whole specialist lobbies of correspondents exist on the privileged sight of classified, confidential and even secret documents which are shown to them in order to impress, or to guide coverage along certain channels, or to bind the reporter to the source as an addict to the drug.

It is not the confidentiality of the document which is usually in question, it is the manner of its disclosure. Government ministers have, in the recent past, offered information and documents to this magazine from their own and others' departments in order to put across a point. The same mechanism is repeated throughout the media/government relationship, day after day. Information from such sources can often be of value: but no journalism worth its name can accept that the decision on what to disclose must always be that of the possessor of the information.

The Saudi connection

There is no doubt that information on Saudi Arabia is of value. It is a huge supplier of oil to the world, and a huge export market for the UK (and other advanced countries).

● **Oil** — Oil remains the key to Saudi power. Britain is currently self-sufficient. But Whitehall is acutely aware that by 1990 Britain's oil reserves will be exhausted (at current extraction rates). Saudi Arabia has sufficient reserves to produce oil far into the 21st century. The Foreign Office is therefore in little doubt that Saudi oil supplies will remain of crucial importance to the West's oil supply.

● **Finance** — Oil revenues have brought enormous wealth to Saudi rulers, and Britain has proved no slouch at tapping it — both directly via the International Monetary Fund, and indirectly by attracting Saudi investment.

Up to December 1983, Britain had made cumulative borrowings of £10 billion from the IMF, matching Saudi loans to the fund of about the same amount. Throughout the time Craig was in office, the UK was paying off another £1 billion IMF loan from a special 'oil' facility set up in 1975 by Saudi and other 'responsible' Gulf states, for the benefit of needy Western clients. Britain's balance of payments also benefits from the presence of an estimated £20 billion worth of Saudi petrodollars invested in UK bank accounts.

● **Weapons sales** — Last autumn, Michael Heseltine signed the outline agreement for Britain's largest ever arms deal. The contract includes the supply by British Aerospace of about £5 billion worth of aircraft (box, this page). By his own account, Craig played a major part in securing the government-to-government deal, after protracted negotiations.

But the deal is still shaky, although the first Tornado fighters have already been shipped. The Saudis have signed only preliminary contracts with BAe. The parties are still quarrelling over two major aspects of the deal — its financing, and the lack of a countervailing 'offset' deal, which is important to the Saudis because of the low level of their current exports to Britain (for the moment, we're not buying much oil from abroad).

Major City banks are now trying to set up a £1.5 billion loan that would protect BAe against late payments. But they can't agree whether the loan should be directly to British Aerospace, or via the Saudis. The problem is that moneylending is officially forbidden by the Koran. So the Saudis are loath either to borrow themselves, or to guarantee a loan to British Aerospace. Both smack of usury.

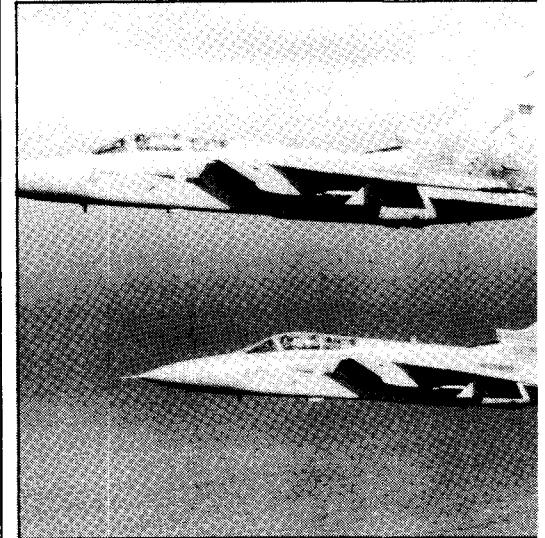
● **Trade** — Even excluding the arms traffic, throughout Craig's term of office Saudi Arabia was a billion pound UK export market (see table) — in fact, the single most important British export destination after Europe and the US. The oil price

Guns and money

British trade with Saudi Arabia 1979-84

	Goods exports from UK	Imports	Trade Balance
1979	894	1,109	-215
1980	1,050	1,928	-878
1981	1,134	1,895	-761
1982	1,362	1,447	-85
1983	1,479	898	581
1984	1,387	545	842

unit: £mn



Camera Press

'Air defence' Tornados: 24 planes of this type are included in Britain's largest ever arms export deal

Arms sales

1981 **British Hovercraft Corporation**: 8 SRN6 Hovercraft

1982 **Vickers**: 200 FH70 Towed Howitzers

British Aerospace: £350 million contract for the training of the Royal Saudi Airforce, and maintenance of RSA Lightning and Strikemaster aircraft.

Series of British companies: £200 million 'confidential contract to improve the military communications network of Saudi Arabia's 30,000 strong National Guard. Ground stations for satellites, radio links, other engineering works and maintenance and training programmes are apparently included in the deal'. (*Times* 8 September 1982).

1985 **British Aerospace**: £4 billion contract for the supply of 132 aircraft — the largest ever UK arms export deal. It involves the sale of:

- 48 Strike version Tornados
- 24 Air defence Tornados
- 30 Hawk advanced combat and trainer aircraft
- 30 Swiss built Pilatus PC 9 trainees

So far six Tornados have been delivered, four in March, and two in April; 14 more are to be delivered in 1987. The rest of the Tornados and the Hawks and PC9s should be delivered in 1989/90.

slide that started in 1981 benefited Britain by squeezing Saudi purchasing power. The trade balance with the Saudi Kingdom then reversed, far into Britain's favour.

● **Western strategy** — US global military policy has heavily invested in assuring the security of the House of Saud as the continuing rulers of Saudi. The family controls a third of the non-communist world's oil reserves. The recently established US military Central Command, and the associated 'Rapid Deployment Force' (and their new British and French counterparts) are primarily intended to ensure that the gulf continues to be run by trustworthy US clients.

The West is less interested in Saudi participation in the gulf war, which is direct, and substantial. The Saudis are bankrolling the Iraqis to the tune of several billion dollars each year. They now sell about \$2 million worth of oil every day on behalf of the Iraqi war chests. A high capacity oil pipeline linking Iraqi fields on the Gulf into the existing Saudi network has just been completed. Another, larger facility is planned. When fully operational these two facilities will earn Iraq an estimated \$8 billion a year.

British intelligence and the CIA also support the House of Saud through secret links with the Saudi secret police, the General Intelligence Department (GID). Seven years ago, Britain and BP helped establish the GID's countrywide computer network, 'Project S' (NS 23 March 1979). The British and American electronic monitoring agencies, GCHQ and NSA, have also helped the Saudis contract a regional 'signals intelligence' system, called 'Saudi Ibex', and targeted on their Arab neighbours.

Oil wars

For decades the West has exploited Saudi Arabia — first for its poverty, and then for its wealth. That strategy has proven dangerously shortsighted elsewhere in the world, as the Foreign Office have discovered to their cost — not least in the Middle East.

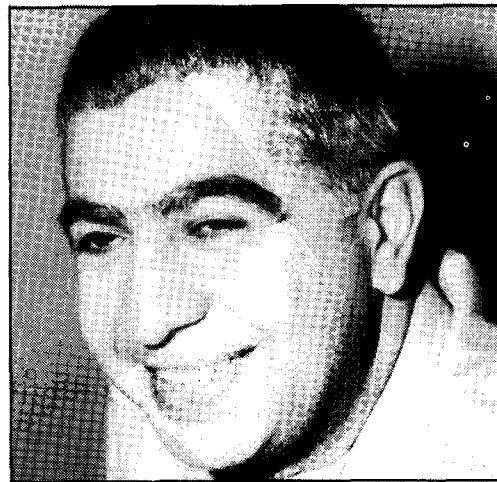
The British establishment, equally, has reserved the right to sneer in private while the British government, British banks, and British companies all benefited from the Saudi croesus. Even so, early last year Mrs Thatcher bluntly ignored the Saudi request to curtail North Sea production and protect world oil prices. The Saudis, nevertheless, did halve their production, imposing an enormous financial burden.

But last summer, the worm finally turned. The Saudi government let it be known that they had long enough endured seeing the West reap the profits, while they played the moderating elder statesman of the fragmenting OPEC alliance. The taps were soon back on. By December 1985, Saudi oil production had doubled, back to its original level. In consequence, between January and March 1986, the spot market price of oil fell from \$20 to \$10 a barrel. Virtually overnight, £6 billion of petroleum revenue tax was wiped from Chancellor Lawson's budget. The power to turn the oil taps on proved to be as potent as the threat to choke off the West's petroleum 'lifeline'.

The last two years' oil diplomacy with Saudi Arabia has been no champion performance of British diplomacy or political nous; quite the reverse. In a modest and thoughtful document written by Sir Nicholas Henderson, on departing from the Paris embassy in March 1979 (Henderson is now Ambassador in Washington; his valedictory was leaked to the *Economist* in

June 1979), British delusions of diplomatic grandeur were firmly squashed. Henderson wrote: 'Our decline has been so marked that today we are not only no longer a world power, but we are not even in the first rank as a European one.'

Lazy as an Englishman



AMIR TAHERI (above), the Arab writer and editor, gives an insider's view of Saudi society

ONE CANNOT expect the Saudis or, indeed, any other Third World nation to compress into the life-span of a single generation the entire experience of the West with the Renaissance, the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution. The model of the modern nation-state was developed in response to Europe's specific conditions and is now universally adopted because of the West's economic, political and military might.

People do well, and competently, things they have learned to do in order to meet their specific needs and pursue their own desires and aspirations. When these needs and desires change, as they are bound to do, it takes some time before the necessary level of competence in performing the tasks related to them is achieved. The Saudis used to be the most competent camel drivers and desert warriors in the world. Now they have to pilot supersonic jets and prepare to fight electronic wars. And they are not doing so badly after all, provided we compare their performance to that of their own, say, a decade ago.

It is true that the Saudis are not popular, even among the Arabs. But the reason for this is not only their arrogance. Most Arabs are jealous of the Saudis' wealth. And, in the case of the smaller emirates, the jealousy is caused by the kingdom's sheer size. Westerners grow to dislike the Saudis because life in Saudi Arabia is hard (from a Western point of view) and the Saudis are a difficult people to make friends with. It is easy to misjudge the defensive shield behind which the Saudis try to hide their deep sense of insecurity.

The Saudis believe that they have no true friends

and that the West wants them only for their money. Saudis want to be liked and respected for something besides their oil money — Islam, for example. This is why Islam has a central role in Saudi life. When even Prince Saudi ben Faisal, the Princeton-educated Foreign Minister, is sincere in his belief that Allah gave the Saudis oil because they have been good Muslims we can either sneer at him or try to understand him in the context of Islamic beliefs.

It is important to remember that Saudi society is not a monolith. Even Saudi Islam is not uniform. The Wahabbis who dominate the state form no more than 30 per cent of the population. The majority are shaf'i sunnis with an important shi'ite minority in the oil rich region of al-Hassa.

SAUDI SOCIETY was, until the 1950s, largely immobile. Most people lived in desert oases organised on the basis of clan and tribal groupings, all recognisable by their accents or modes of dress. There was little immigration, few marriages outside each clan or tribe and most people inherited their jobs from their fathers. All that changed under King Faisal who, in spite of being known to the West as an arch conservative, proved a veritable revolutionary in the Saudi context. Most people still cling to the caricature of the average Saudi as it existed maybe until a decade ago. They forget that in the early '70s there were almost no girls at school in the kingdom whereas now there are tens of thousands who continue their education up to the highest levels. In the same period an estimated 170,000 Saudis have studied abroad and returned home.

The massive growth of urbanisation has brought a majority of the population into new cities and towns and led to the emergence of class structures previously unknown in the Kingdom. It is no longer possible to know everyone in a city like Jeddah nowadays, and the son of a cobbler is almost certain not to follow in the footsteps of his father. Clan and tribal credentials are no longer sufficient to ensure respect and economic advantage in a society where degrees from Oxford and Harvard are measured against one another for their respective prestige values.

The pressure for merit to supersede lineage is growing all the time. The new middle class, basically no different in its economic and political aspiration in the long run from any other anywhere else, is now a fact of life in the kingdom. Many young educated professionals resent the fact that the country bears the name of a single family and that several thousand princes and princesses still enjoy much unearned and, often undeserved, privilege.

The pilgrimage tens of thousands of Saudis pay to the West every summer is not a jet-age version of bedouin razzias on oasis-cities where one could have fun. They also observe and learn and begin to understand that one cannot limit change to certain physical aspects of life. The Saudi society, for the first time in centuries, has within it today strong, and growing, forces that crave for change while being afraid of cutting off the umbilical cord of tradition. The potential for conflict and violence is there and needs to be better understood.

Amir Taheri was editor of Kayhan, Iran's largest daily between 1973 and 1979. He has written for the Sunday Times, the International Herald Tribune and the Washington Post. He is now chief editor of the weekly Jeune Afrique in Paris. Next month Hutchinson will publish Taheri's Holy Terror, a study of Islamic terrorist organisations.

Not with a Bang but . . .

The hype about the coming 'Big Bang' in the City of London covers what's set to be a disaster for British investment, argues MARK PHILIPS

ON THE 27TH of this month the City of London experiences the Big Bang. The press is already breathing heavily on this event. On the great day itself the telly cameras will zoom in. Everywhere on tube and printed page you'll see sober City fathers explaining why the Big Bang makes life more difficult for them, but better for the country as a whole.

Take what the City fathers say with a pinch of salt. To get a different perspective on the Big Bang consider the tale of the *Independent* and Lord 'Jimmy' Remnant — a tale of how Lord Remnant does well out of the Big Bang, while in a post-Big

Bang world the *Independent* never sees the light of day.

But first, some background. The Big Bang is the journalistic tag given the City's reconfiguration. This reconfiguration is being brought about by changes in the City's self-government. The City is changing its government in an attempt to keep up with changes in finance globally. On the 27th the City's changes climax when the Stock Exchange abolishes minimum commissions on deals done on its floor — abolishes, in other words, price fixing.

For all the intricacy of the City's changes, what they boil down to is a *consolidation of ownership of financial firms*. Before the Big Bang the City was made up of the big four banks; a dozen British merchant banks; several score British brokers; a circle of British pension funds, insurance companies, and professional investors hired by these institutions to manage their money; and, off to the side, foreign firms dealing in the City-based

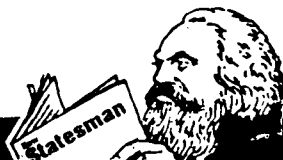
offshore markets.

With the Big Bang this line-up changes. Independently owned British brokers all but vanish. Indeed, in the run-up to the Big Bang 19 of the 20 largest brokers sold out — their partners cashing in their chips. Barclays, for example, now owns deZoete & Bevan. Warburg owns Rowe & Pitman. Union Bank of Switzerland owns Phillips & Drew. Citicorp owns Vickers da Costa and Scrimgeour Kemp-Gee.

This consolidation, however, is not confined to the Stock Exchange. It is spreading to other parts of the City. New York-based Lazard Freres now controls Lazard Brothers. Belgian entrepreneur Albert Frere controls Henry Ansbacher & Co. Even the biggest and best of the City's merchant banks are in danger of being gobbled up. US corporate raider Saul Steinberg owns 10 per cent of Warburg. Wall Street whiz Gerry Tsai owns 5 per cent of Kleinwort Benson. Deutsche Bank owns 5 per cent of Morgan Grenfell.

THE ISSUE here is not British sovereignty — although many in the City *do* fear a foreign takeover. The issue is the centralisation of the credit system — the system which determines who gets credit to do what. The City is becoming a base for those administering finance globally. Its role

POLITICAL PUBLICATIONS



Advertise your political publications in this monthly page at special low rates. Contact David Jones 01-253 2001 for full details.

Next feature 14 November

Freedom Press

1886 CENTENARY 1986

FREEDOM CENTENARY ISSUE, October 1986.
64 pages, A4, £2.00

In October we celebrate our Centenary with a special 64-page issue of our monthly journal *FREEDOM*. We look forward to the next century and briefly sum up 100 years of making propaganda through the printed word. Contents include a reproduction of *FREEDOM* Vol 1, No 1, from October 1886 (when it was launched by Peter Kropotkin and others), with illustrations of historic interest, reminiscences and pen portraits of past editors, etc. All for a modest £2.00.

*

'THE RAVEN' — a new quarterly journal of Anarchist ideas.

In early November, Number One of a new Anarchist Quarterly will appear. Entitled *The Raven*, it will consist of 96 pages for £2.50. Details of subscription rates will be available nearer publication date.

SPAIN 1936

In this 50th Anniversary year of the Spanish Revolution, we have three valuable titles to offer the student:

BURNETT BOLLOTEN: THE SPANISH REVOLUTION — The Left and the Struggle for Power

664 pages ISBN 0 8078 40 77 7 £9.00

GASTON LEVAL: COLLECTIVES IN THE SPANISH REVOLUTION
368 pages ISBN 0 900 384 11 5 £6.00 (cloth).

VERNON RICHARDS: LESSONS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION
260pp ISBN 0 900 384 23 9 £2.95 (3rd Edition)

RECENT

FREEDOM PRESS TITLES ON WORK AND TECHNOLOGY

THE FUTURE OF TECHNICS AND CIVILISATION

By LEWIS MUMFORD. With an Introduction by Colin Ward.

184pp ISBN 0 900 384 32 8 £3.50

THE EMPLOYMENT QUESTION

And other essays by DENIS PYM.

72pp ISBN 0 900 384 31 X £2.00

WHY WORK? (Various authors)

Arguments for the leisure society.

210pp ISBN 0 900 384 25 5 £3.00

Reprinting. Ready shortly.

FIELDS, FACTORIES & WORKSHOPS TOMORROW

by PETER KROPOTKIN

213 pages ISBN 0 900 384 28X £3.50

THE ANARCHIST WRITINGS OF WILLIAM GODWIN

edited by PETER MARSHALL

184 pages ISBN 0 900 384 29 8 £3.50

COMING SHORTLY

Three titles from Peter Kropotkin:

Act for Yourself! — a Collection, hitherto unpublished, of 12 articles plus new editions of *The State, Its Historic Role and Anarchism and Anarchist Communism*. All about 64 pages and about £2.00. Ready December.

*

For our new, full, booklist, a large SAE please to:

**FREEDOM PRESS in Angel Alley,
84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX**

Most alternative and university bookshops stock *Freedom Press* titles. If you have any difficulties, send a pre-paid order direct to us — WE PAY THE POSTAGE, so you pay no more. *FREEDOM BOOKSHOP* is open at the above address Tuesdays to Saturdays, 10am to 6pm, stocking many publications other bookshops cannot reach.

as a base for those advancing credit and determining market values locally is diminishing.

Before the Big Bang, in other words, the City was the capital of finance for Britain. But it had an annexe for those operating globally. After the Big Bang, the City will become a capital of global finance. But it will have an annexe for firms operating within Britain.

The government — which, with the blessing of the City fathers, has engineered this reconfiguration — argues that centralisation is good for the country. Out of the Big Bang, Mrs Thatcher maintains, will come a financial services industry that is more efficient, and thus better placed to attract international finance, and so better placed to generate jobs for Britain — jobs for City types earning six-figure salaries whose incomes, the theory goes, trickle down and make London boom.

If, according to the government, the Big Bang means that the City will now be dominated by financial giants operating globally, well, that's the trade-off. If those giants service British multinationals and let the rest of British industry fend for itself, well, new firms will spring up in the City to cater to second-tier British companies. This, says the government, is free enterprise. Perhaps. But the benefits to Britain of this free enterprise are illusory.

The City's Big Bang boom will last only so long as a particular set of circumstances apply. Currently, the biggest British, American, Japanese, Swiss, and other nationality banks and brokers are all going global. All are jockeying for position in the increasingly dominant arena of international finance.

At some point, however, there will be a shakeout in this new global financial market. Only the best firm of each nationality is likely to survive. Demand for financial premises and financial employees — the two circumstances behind the City's boom — will thus plummet. At this point the City will shed jobs, not create them.

For all the intricacy, it boils down to a consolidation of ownership . . . it's doubtful that men commuting home to Connecticut would have the knowledge or confidence to put money into a venture so alien as the Independent

Meanwhile, Mrs Thatcher's vision of new, small City firms supplying capital to new, small local ventures is likely to prove rose-tinted. If there were a profit to be made on this business worth making, the giants would take it. If the giants cannot prosper at this business, how are new firms with less experience going to?

What this all leads to can be seen in the tale of the *Independent* and Lord Remnant. In 1974 Lord Remnant rolled a handful of small companies together to form Britain's largest investment trust group, Touche Remnant. Until recently Lord Remnant aimed to make Touche Remnant a player in global fund management. He thus pursued investments in high-risk, high-reward new ventures in order to build an investment track record to catch the eye of global pension funds. One of these new ventures was a minority stake in the *Independent*.

Now, however, Lord Remnant has changed tack. He is negotiating to sell Touche Remnant's fund management arm to Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. based in New York. If the deal goes through, the decisions on where Touche Remnant's funds are to be invested will pass to New York. Those decisions, in other words, will rest with men commuting home to Connecticut each evening rather than with men commuting home to Surrey.

So who comes out ahead? Not ventures like the *Independent*. Given the complexities of Fleet Street, it is doubtful that men commuting home to Connecticut would have the knowledge or confidence to put money into a venture so alien.

Lord Remnant, however, does all right. Touche Remnant's senior managers have a scheme giving them the option to buy shares in the company now up for sale. Originally, Lord Remnant was not a party to the scheme. Earlier this year he joined. □

The New Statesman will carry a full analysis of the Big Bang and its effects on our economy next week.

NEW BOOK RELEASES

Deadly Parallels

Bert Hogenkamp
Film and the Left in Britain, 1929-39
This fascinating book casts new light on an important area of cultural politics — film in the 1930s was the most powerful and popular medium, whether used for entertainment, education or propaganda. From the early Soviet cinema and the workers' film societies of the late 1920s, *Deadly Parallels* traces the role of the Workers' Theatre Movement, Kino and other progressive organisations until the outbreak of the Second World War.
£6.95 paperback illustrated



Marx and Engels Collected Works

Volume 15: 1856-1858
This volume covers a period of reaction in Europe and colonialist expansion in the East. As well as Marx's *Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century*, his articles on the unsuccessful 1856 uprising in Spain, and on the Opium Wars in China, it also includes Marx's and Engels's many articles on the First Indian War of Independence, all first published in English in the *New York Daily Tribune*.
£15 hardback maps and illustrations

Volume 21: 1867-1870

This volume primarily includes material relating to the International Working Men's Association during the crucial period of its ideological and organisational consolidation. It also contains Engels's biographical article *Karl Marx* and the plan of the second chapter of his *History of Ireland*, as well as eight articles by Jenny Marx on the Irish question.
£15 hardback maps and illustrations

Fire Under the Carpet

Sylvia Scaffardi
Working for Civil Liberties in the Thirties
Sylvia Scaffardi's companion Ronald Kidd was the founder and first general secretary of the Council for Civil Liberties, later to become the NCCL, and they worked for the new body from its earliest days in their garret flat in Soho. Her memoirs provide a first-hand account of observing the policing of the Hunger Marches and anti-fascist meetings and demonstrations including the Battle of Cable Street, and offer a unique insight into one of the most influential pressure groups in Britain.
£4.95 paperback





Lawrence & Wishart
39 Museum Street, London WC1A 1LQ

Cataracts of justice

Calls for a new Office of Public Defender are fortified by a flood of recent doubtful convictions, argues PETER HILL

THE AUTUMN has produced three classic cases of miscarriage of justice — the Carl Bridgewater murder, diligently researched over many years by Paul Foot, and now exposed in his book *Murder at the Farm*¹, and the Guildford bombers trial, with its ancillary case of the 'Maguire Seven' now exposed in Robert Kee's excellent book *Trial and Error*². (An earlier case, the Birmingham pub bombings, has been documented by Chris Mullin in *Error of Judgement*)³.

The first two rely entirely on very doubtful witness evidence. In spite of the fact that the Bridgewater case involved a burglary, no forensic evidence of note was found against the accused. Three men — Michael Hickey, his cousin Vincent, and James Robinson — were convicted of murder largely because of the confession of a fourth man, Pat Molloy, allowed to plead guilty to a lesser charge of manslaughter. Molloy later claimed that he had only confessed under severe duress.

In court, the three accused of murder were caught in a 'Catch 22'. If they questioned Molloy's veracity, or that of the police, their own criminal records would be exposed, and the jury would then certainly find them guilty.

In the Guildford bombing case, Paul Hill, Gerry Conlon, Patrick Armstrong and Carole Richardson were convicted on their own confessions, even though each confession conflicted with the others. The IRA men in the siege of Balcombe Street later told the police that they themselves had done the Guildford bombing, and their accounts of what had gone on at Guildford fitted with accounts of eye-witnesses to the bombing. I have seen Conlon's 'confession' myself and compared it with essays he wrote while at school, as well as with letters to his family from jail. The discrepancies between the grammar, syntax and spelling of the 'confession' and that of his other writings are dramatic.

The Annie Maguire 'bomb factory' case sprang from the Guildford bombing confessions. Paul Hill named Annie Maguire as a participant in the bombing. No evidence could be found against her though intense pressure was put on her to confess. Eventually, she produced a complete alibi for the night in question, but she and six others were subsequently convicted of handling explosives.

The evidence against the 'Maguire Seven' centred on controversial nitroglycerine tests made on the hands of the accused. Controversial in that the man who invented the test came to the court and said that it was not a valid test. What was missed by the jury in the argument over the validity of this test was the fact that even if such tests were reliable, this did not necessarily mean that nitroglycerine had been on the Maguires' hands



Above (left to right) Hill, Conlon and Armstrong, convicted in the Guildford bombing case. Implicated in the bombing and eventually convicted of handling explosives, Annie Maguire (left)

when they were tested. The police had been watching the Maguire house only half an hour after some of the handling had allegedly taken place, yet they failed to find any nitroglycerine in the house, or in the surrounding neighbourhood. These considerations were largely obscured by both the prosecution and the defence, who blinded the jury with science about 'the test'.

These cases have been well-researched and documented by Foot and Kee. They would convince the average man in the street that those convicted were innocent. The Bridgewater case is already being re-investigated by the police at the request of the Home Office, and no doubt the Guildford bombers case will soon follow — so many influential figures have recently added their names to the petition.

The two main cases illustrate the predilection that police have for witness evidence. Witnesses are notorious for their ability to get times, places and descriptions wrong. Most of the known examples of miscarriages of justice have amazingly bad witness evidence, or suspect and disputed police versions of what was said.

Police officers, however, grow up on such evidence. The vast majority of cases, those of petty crime, are usually wholly reliant on it. When a young police officer moves on to major crime, it is perhaps natural that he or she should prefer to rely upon the form of evidence that has already shown itself to be trustworthy over the years.

WE SHALL NOT change this prosecution preference for witnesses without corroborative evidence until we first change the system (recently improved, but not enough) for the taking of confessions. No confession should be admitted unless it has been authenticated by a magistrate, a solicitor, or on a tape-recording, preferably video.

But we must also change the emphasis of police investigations which forces them into relying upon, indeed preferring, witness evidence. This means not only promoting better collection and analysis of forensic evidence, but better presentation of such evidence in court. Our system

puts scientists in an adversarial position in court. The scientist for the defence is paid to pull holes in the prosecution case, and does so, regardless of how the evidence reflects on the truth.

One established case of miscarriage of justice revolves round just this adversarial habit of mind. In *R. v. Russell* (1976) much of the court's time was taken up with argument over a number of colourless hairs found in the victim's hand. Much was made of whether the hairs were blond or grey. No one made the simple point that the accused had neither a grey nor a blond hair on his head. Because of our out-dated law on the guardianship of exhibits, the swabs in the Annie Maguire case, which might yet prove if nitroglycerine had been found, probably no longer exist. Nor would there have been any independent examination of these swabs during the original investigation. For that we would need an Office of the Public Defender.

Forensic evidence is only examined for proof of guilt and as an aid to investigation, not as a means of establishing truth. It is rare that any such forensic evidence comes before the Court of Appeal on a reference from the Home Office, though forensic evidence, if properly collected and examined, is usually better than witness evidence. When a trial or first appeal is over, most exhibits are disposed of in a manner that makes them inaccessible to the defence, the Home Office or the Court of Appeal, for any subsequent re-investigation. Our present laws are a denial of a basic human right, for when someone has any course of appeal against conviction open to him, then he surely should have the ability to test the strength of all the evidence brought against him. The convicted in Britain do not have that right.

But even when such evidence is available, and proves that the evidence before the trial court was wrong, it does not necessarily persuade the Court of Appeal.

In February this year the case of Ernest Clarke came to the Court of Appeal, sent by the Home Secretary. The judgement, keeping Clarke in jail, was one of the most remarkable ever heard. All the main evidence against Clarke had been proved to be wrong, particularly the key forensic evidence. But the Court of Appeal kept him in jail because it was held to be inconceivable that anyone other than Clarke could have murdered the victim. This — when the body was discovered, and Clarke charged — 9½ years after the victim had vanished and when the time of the murder could only be placed within a period of three years, during most of which time Clarke was nowhere near the scene of the crime.

The Clarke judgement was a slap in the face for the Home Office. They had taken the unusual step of not calling for an official police re-investigation before referring the case back to the Courts. It is rumoured that the Home Office minister involved, David Mellor, indicated that he thought the evidence so badly presented at the trial that a mis-trial should have been declared anyway.

In the present situation, we are unlikely to see any more references back to the Court of Appeal before the end of 1988, no matter how good the evidence. This is gloomy news for the men inside for the Bridgewater murder and the Guildford bombings; the evidence in their cases, no matter how persuasive to the average man in the street, treads paths too well-worn. □

Peter Hill originated and produced the BBC TV programme Rough Justice. He has just published with Tom Sargent, a Fabian pamphlet, Criminal Trials: the search for the truth.

¹Sidgwick and Jackson, £9.95; ²Hamish Hamilton, £9.95; ³Chatto and Windus, £10.95.

Sterling and the nakedness of Nigel Lawson

Jan Toporowski

LAST WEEK Nigel Lawson entered naked into the Bournemouth conference chamber in which his party performed their annual atavistic rituals. Despite their self-congratulation, sterling fell on the foreign exchange markets from a value of US\$1.44 at the start of the conference to US\$1.4335 at its finish (the fall would have been even greater were it not for a sharp fall in the American dollar's exchange rates on the Friday), while against the West German deutschmark sterling fell from DM2.88 to DM2.8475, having at one point been as low as DM2.83.

This was bitter medicine indeed for a party whose reputation relies so much on its almost hereditary claim to more 'sound' economic management than can be delivered by its more spendthrift rivals. Furthermore, it was an unfriendly welcome for the economic 'initiatives' that were displayed in Bournemouth like the rabbits of a demented conjurer.

Years ago, when the Bank of England's glare was worth a thousand bans, the City and its financial markets could be expected to respond with a patriotic hurrah to a Tory Chancellor's fervent if banal denunciations of inflation. Now a new class of City traders, the 'barrow-boys' (so called because of their lower class origins and their allegedly uncouth demeanours), play daily with millions of pounds on their computerised dealing equipment, causing the financial markets to swing up and down. Lacking the class loyalties of their elders in the City, these barrow-boys, together with the over-worked and over-paid dealers of foreign banks, sold sterling down the river. They spotted an opportunity to make money driving the currency down, an opportunity which the authorities, led by the Chancellor, left themselves powerless to limit or close off. Hence, however much his audience fervently believed him to be fully and richly clothed, to the foreign exchange markets Nigel Lawson was naked.

His powerlessness arises out of two self-denying ordinances promulgated by the government. First, there was the lifting of exchange controls in October 1979, allowing residents of the UK to buy and sell foreign currencies freely. Although these controls were never able to prevent a run on sterling, they were an important force for stability, helping to insulate the real economy (i.e. economic activity outside the financial markets) from extreme exchange rate fluctuations.

Second, the government has consciously pursued a passive policy towards the foreign exchange markets. This has been in part out of necessity — the foreign exchange reserves with which the Bank of England could attempt to influence the balance between sales and purchases of sterling in foreign exchange markets have been dwarfed by the currencies held by foreign exchange dealers and the credit that can be created by the international banking system. The latter can easily absorb any Bank of England intervention (unless co-ordinated with other central banks and timed when little sterling is exchanging hands) without any significant effect on the exchange rate.

Above all, the government has refused to raise interest rates, for very sound reasons since our interest rates are far too high. Raising them further would attract international money deposits to London and in this way stem the sale of sterling. However, when the government made clear that it will not do this, selling sterling became every bit as much a one-way winning bet as tendering for TSB shares. Foreign exchange dealers could sell sterling

for some other currency and, when they came to squaring their books by buying it back again, they could buy more than they had sold in the first place (because of the lower exchange rate), the excess being the profit on the set of transactions. Had the Bank of England raised interest rates in the meantime and sterling risen, then the dealers would have ended up with a loss. Thus the threat to raise interest rates discourages speculation against sterling and helps to stabilise its exchange rates. Announcing in advance that interest rates would not be raised was therefore an open invitation to dealers to speculate against sterling, and a promise that they would get away with it. In the event interest rates were put up on Tuesday leaving the dealers with their speculative profits and higher interest rates.

WHAT EFFECT does this have on the real economy? The most important effects are on investment and foreign trade. As every basic economics course teaches, a sterling devaluation makes exports more competitive (for a given sterling price, exports become cheaper in terms of foreign currencies), and it makes imports more expensive. For a trading and manufacturing economy like that of the UK, this may help exports and discourage imports, but it does so at the cost of higher import costs. Since much of our imports are essential raw materials for industry, what we gain in exports we may lose with inflation.

In fact, the situation is more complicated than this because we import from and export to different economies. In particular, most of our imports are priced in United States dollars, while our most important export markets are in the European Community, where the most important currencies are linked to the West German deutschmark in the Exchange Rate Mechanism of the European Monetary System. Thus the fall of the US dollar over the past year against these European currencies has enabled the Bank of England to follow a virtuous circle of letting sterling fall together with the dollar. This has kept inflation down while increasing the competitiveness of British exports in Europe.

This is a cunning manoeuvre that would rightly be a pretext for self-congratulation on the part of the government, were it not for the fact that it depends for its success on precarious coincidences: in this case, the decline of the US dollar against the deutschmark. Only a few years ago, in 1980 and 1981, the situation was reversed,

with the dollar soaring. To get inflation down, sterling was allowed to soar even higher (reaching US\$2.5 to the pound in 1980), propelled by high North Sea oil production and high oil prices. The result was a rash of company liquidations and the collapse of manufacturing exports and profitability. It was this event that placed the prospect of Britain's deindustrialisation onto the political agenda.

IN THE LONGER term, such currency fluctuations and manipulations are having an even more insidious and devastating effect on our economy because they create uncertainty about the future profitability of export production and trade, especially in manufacturing. However much it is maligned by the Tory apostles of the 'service economy' and bubble-gum enterprise (chief among them the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself), manufacturing remains the key to full employment and balanced foreign trade. But to operate successfully in an open market economy, manufacturing needs long-term and consistent investment, which in turn requires protection against being made unprofitable by foreign exchange rate fluctuations.

Pious City pundits will of course point out that this is precisely the economic rationale for developing the financial futures and options markets that have proliferated in the City since 1980. These enable investors to purchase or sell foreign currencies for delivery in the future at rates fixed now. What is less readily admitted is that the short time horizons of these instruments makes them unsuitable for protecting production, as opposed to exchange, from exchange rate fluctuations. Indeed, most transactions in these markets are on behalf of the dealers themselves, betting with each other on the outcome of other markets' trading. The bulk of the remaining transactions are on behalf of professional punters and fund managers. Very little is on behalf of and of benefit to the real economy.

Thus, since the economy started to come out of the depths of the Thatcher economic recession in 1980, investment growth has lagged behind the growth of total expenditure in the economy, with only a recent acceleration as orders for plant and equipment were brought forward to take advantage of tax allowances before they expire. This is hardly the basis for the 'sustained economic growth' to which the government has publicly dedicated itself. Moreover, faced with the decline of the oil sector in the economy, whose boom helped to camouflage the economic devastation wrought by the Thatcher experiment, it is not really surprising that foreign exchange dealers are taking a consistently pessimistic view of our economic prospects.

A low exchange rate for sterling against the deutschmark nevertheless provides the government with an opportunity to join the Exchange Rate Mechanism of the European Monetary System on favourable terms, fixing current exchange rates against other ERM currencies. Nigel Lawson could then attempt to cover up his nakedness with the claims that 'we were planning it all along'. But even supported by other European central banks, our currency would still be a feeble member of this arrangement as long as our industrial and exporting base remains neglected and under-invested. □

Jan Toporowski is a City economist specialising in economic planning and financial institutions.

Canards on all sides

This week's casual aside by Mitterrand that he won't run again — but then, did he mean it? — finds French Socialists splintered and without a programme. KATIE OWEN on the angst across the Channel

THE SOCIALIST PARTY in France, like the British Labour Party, faces an imminent election ordeal — theirs in two years time. Unlike their British counterparts, who at Blackpool rallied strongly behind an undisputed leader and a clear political programme, French Socialists are showing extreme irresolution in strategy, leadership and ideology — struggling to digest the lessons of five years in office and the past few months' unique experience of 'co-habitation' between a Socialist president, Mitterrand, and a right-wing coalition government under Jacques Chirac.

Unlike the Labour Party in Britain, French Socialism is characterised by a lack of roots in the industrial classes. It drew much of its inspiration from Marxist and Jacobin ideology, not from a strong working-class base. Many of France's Socialist leaders have always been middle-class intellectuals, and few of the key posts in the Party have gone to factory-workers. Nor has there ever been any very strong pro-Socialist trade union movement, as in Britain, which could mobilise the left against the right, the unions being relatively weak and divided.

On his election as president in 1981 Mitterrand immediately embarked on an ambitious programme of nationalisation with Pierre Mauroy, then thought on the Socialist 'right', as his Prime Minister. A policy of strict economic rigour put into force in the summer of 1982 was confirmed in March 1983. A process of restructuring and modernising major industries began, bringing with it all the unpopularity of massive lay-offs, especially in the steel industry area of Lorraine.

In July 1984 Mauroy resigned and the Communists left the government in disgust. Mitterrand appointed the youthful Laurent

Fabius, a brilliant technocrat and consummate political opportunist, to continue the line of economic stringency. 'Zones of consensus' with the right appeared in the de-indexing of salaries and instructions to heads of state-owned companies that they must fight in the market and government bail-outs would be less forthcoming. Selective denationalisation allowed companies to spin off subsidiaries.

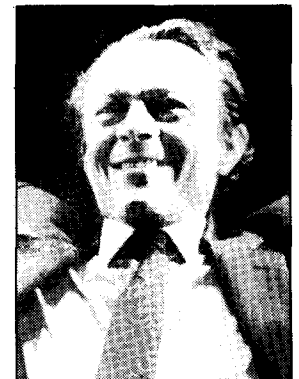
Serge July, editor of *Liberation*, describes Fabius as 'l'homme du juste milieu', who, by intensifying the process of 'making the left more like the right' in economic practice, set the scene for co-habitation between the two. If the abrupt change of policy between 1982-83 was from one standpoint the 'coming of age' of a left wing regime succeeding to Giscard d'Estaing's right wing one, it nonetheless caused a profound crisis in ideology. Managerial realities seemed to have taught French Socialism the same lesson spelt out by German Socialists (SPD) at their Bad Godesburg conference long ago in 1959: the slogans of Marxist anti-capitalism were a dead letter.

Left paralysis

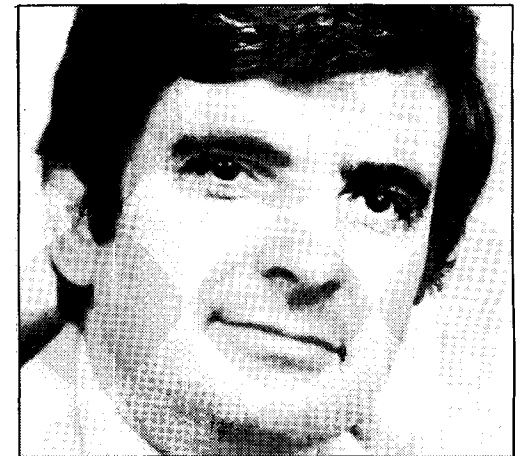
At a Toulouse conference in October 1985 when French Socialists were well aware they would probably lose the then-coming March 1986 elections, 'conversion to economics' meant that debate centred not on any ideological platform to oppose the 'new liberalism' championed by the new-Gaullist Jacques Chirac, but on ways of fighting inflation. But it is only in the last few months that the loss of ideology has been revealing itself as the central crisis for the Socialist party. Expecting to lose very badly in the March elections to the Assembly, Socialists instead became the largest party though without an overall majority. (The Communists gained only 10 per cent of the vote.) The winning coalition of Jacques Chirac's RPR and the centrist UDF (Union pour la Démocratie Française, created in 1978 by Giscard) had only a cobbled majority in parliament. The Socialists were sure they would be able to play on potential coalition rivalries through their trump card at the Elysée Palace.

WHEN DE GAULLE instituted the system of presidential elections by direct universal suffrage in 1962 he deliberately avoided synchronisation with elections to the legislature. Thanks to the overlap in timing (the president on a maximum seven year term, the legislature on five) Francois Mitterrand remained head of state. All his potential obstructive constitutional powers were apparently intact. 'Co-habitation', an unprecedented and extremely ambiguous political situation, seemed unlikely to work. The Socialists would return as the natural alternative.

Six months later the mood has changed. All in the party agree that a recent by-election in Toulouse, where party first secretary Lionel Jospin made a bid to rally electoral support against the right-wing mayor, Dominique Baudis, was an 'honourable defeat'. The Socialists did not lose their seats in the region — but gained no new



From top: Current leaders, peace-keeper Lionel Jospin; communist ally Pierre Mauroy; banal but ambitious Michel Rocard; nationalistic Jean-Pierre Chevènement



All photos: Camera Press

WHAT DO YOU READ?

Are you in an intellectual or even a religious rut? There is a massive literature, classical and modern, containing great comprehensive ideas linking the latest modern scientific and philosophic thought with knowledge and wisdom as old as the world itself — Theosophy.

For information write to:
The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

ground. Unprecedented numbers of abstentions seemed to show the right comfortable and the left immobilised. Jospin's reflections on the event have a plaintive air: is the apparently ineluctable move to the right in France due to the phenomenon of an ageing population, he asked?

At least in the short term, the recent terrorist outrages have enhanced the authority of the prime minister, Jacques Chirac, and left Mitterrand somewhat out in the cold. The president remains popular in the country, but his powers are proving less than was hoped by his party. He is effectively

excluded from the daily running of the country. Gestures such as his refusal to sign Chirac's denationalisation plans carried no real weight and caused no hitch for the right. There seems little substance to the idea of a power sharing game between the Matignon and the Elysée.

Worse still, the new system of 'co-habitation' is proving a mortifying straitjacket for Socialist organisation. Jospin may well put his head in his hands when he ponders what strategy the Socialist party should adopt. What tone can it take towards a government to which it is only *half* in opposition? Political militancy, which would blur the lack of ideological conviction, is out of the question. It would undermine Mitterrand as the leader, who needs to show his skill at 'co-habitation' to remain popular. Jospin is forced to plead within the party in favour of the status quo.

Jospin skirts cautiously around the question of any ideological 'modernisation', motivated by the priority that in this unbearable period of suspended animation the party must stay united as an organisation. Without unity it has no chance of exploiting possible divisions in the ruling coalition, and loses credibility as an alternative government. And Mitterrand's successful marginalisation of the Communists has proved a poisoned boomerang for his party. The lack of any real source of support from that quarter has badly sapped electoral strength.

After the March elections the system of proportional representation which prevented a landslide victory by the right was changed back to election on a majority basis. With only 30 per cent of the national vote, the Socialists could never hope to win alone. They are now forced to fish for alternative areas of support, manoeuvrings which cause directional and ideological confusions in the heart of the party.

Compounding the problems, the presidential elections are now only 18 months away, triggering a jockeying for the great prize by leading personalities of the party. All semblance of unity is thrown to the winds. Personal 'profiles' take the place of the political platform which ought to be enforced by the shift to the same simple electoral basis as in Britain.

While Jospin tries to keep the peace author Francis Hollande laments the 'impoverishment of political culture in France' which he sees as the result.

He identifies four 'currents' in the party, none of which, according to him, have any significance in terms of clear ideas. Dominant is the 'Mitterrandist' current (A), united on nothing except nominal support of Mitterrand as candidate if he stands. Within it there are frictions between Jospin and Fabius, the latter of whom is working on correcting his former image as an opportunistic 'centrist' and differentiating himself from his main rival Rocard — with whom however he has minimal differences in ideas. Both stress 'practical experience' of government. They presuppose the irreversible decline of the Communist party and assume the Socialists are capable of occupying all the space on the left.

Current 'B' is the 'Mauroyists'. Considered a solid pillar of the party — and by virtue of his roots in the industrial north the only leader with any real closeness to the 'people' — Mauroy distrusts Fabius's vague slogan of a 'Republican Front' and still believes in the viability of another union with the PC, as in 1981. Thierry Pfister, a former aide, declares the Mitterrandists' theory of a 'centrist' vote to be a fallacy. 'There is a floating electorate,

which is very different,' he says: 'A moderate political line is not going to appeal to it'. Pfister also points a finger of irony at the right-wing shift in the political spectrum. In the last decade he and Mauroy considered themselves as moderate 'social democrats' but now find themselves on the extreme left of the party in their opinions on relations with the Communists, a belief in limited nationalisation and a 'refusal to adopt a purely market vision of politics'.

Rocardian rivals

Chevènement's group 'Socialisme et République', the new version of CERES, makes up Hollande's Current 'D'. In 1979 Chevènement believed in the union of the left, in large-scale nationalisations, and in a rapid transformation of society. Now 'realism' has watered his ideas down and he has become more moderate. He holds up the nationalistic image of France as a 'great republic' as her best defence against world competition.

BUT IT IS current 'C', the 'Rocardians', which causes Jospin his biggest headaches. At Metz in 1979 Michel Rocard had a clear ideology and was a strong champion of 'modernisation in view of the economic realities'. He urged modesty about the role of the State and a belief in society as capable of transforming itself. His line has become largely banal now, but he is still considered by many as the 'man of the future'.

His tactics are to keep a low political profile and concentrate instead on his popular image in the country, thus deliberately distancing himself from

party discipline. He has made it clear that unlike 1981, when he withdrew his candidature as soon as Mitterrand announced his, he will not do so this time. He and the president have never been on good terms and Rocard was allowed only secondary roles in the government between 1981-86.

The conflict of personalities is irresolvable until and unless Francois Mitterrand categorically withdraws and an agreed candidate has to emerge out of the ruckus. Mitterrand is well aware that his national popularity lies mainly in his image of '*président arbitre*' — above involvement in politics. He is not prepared to offer the Socialists a clear lead on policy.

There are other open questions. If Mitterrand doesn't stand again will Jospin and/or Fabius put forward their candidature against Rocard's? When and by whom is the official party candidate to be chosen? The sword of Damocles hangs over any party with more than one candidate for the presidential election as it immediately explodes any semblance of unity.

There can be no firm party line until everyone knows who they've to mobilise behind. Hollande and Pfister belong to different strands of Socialist thinking, but both deplore the lack of real debate and lament wholeheartedly the apparent impossibility of any sound ideological platform for the party. 'The Socialist programme is a blank page', says Pfister. And he has one last disturbing reflection. If Mitterrand after all does stand and win again in 1988 it can only be on a 'co-habitationist' line. The Socialist party could find itself in the wilderness for another seven years. □

WHY PAY FOR THE NEW STATESMAN IF YOU CAN GET IT FREE FOR 3 MONTHS?

If you're not already a subscriber and you use this form to take out a subscription to the **New Statesman**, we'll send it to you completely free for 3-months.

That by itself is worth £10, but there's more.

If before the end of your free period you decide you don't want to continue with your subscription, write and let us know. We'll cancel your order immediately and refund any payment you have made.

So you can't lose.

And there's even more. Subscriptions are a cheaper way of getting the Statesman than buying it in the shops — almost 15% cheaper.

So you're saving money.

Fill in the form.

Offer applies to individuals resident in the UK or Eire only.

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Length of Subscription ☐ 1 year @ £40.00
(Tick one) ☐ 6 months @ £20.00

Return to New Statesman Subscriptions,
Freepost, London EC1B 1EB.

(No stamp is needed if posted in the UK.)

Payment Methods

(complete one)

EY4

Credit Card

Please charge my credit card number

☐ Access ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Expiry date _____

Signed _____ Date _____

☎ To place your order by telephone call
01-253 2001 with your credit card details.

Cheque/postal order

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ _____

Restless youth turns to romantic nationalism

As the anniversary of the 1956 uprising approaches, Hungarian young bait the regime with an old cause.
MISHA GLENNY reports

EVERY YEAR the Czech government merely notes the anniversary of the 'crisis' of 1968 with a leader in the Party daily, *Rude Pravo*. The editor crows over the victory of healthy Party elements in the struggle against rightist counter-revolutionaries. Otherwise hardly an inch of copy or a minute of airtime is frittered away on the Prague 'spring'. A spontaneous uprising of pro-Dubcek supporters seems as likely as the second coming.

In contrast, as the thirtieth anniversary of the 1956 revolution approaches, the Hungarian government twitches nervously. It is as clueless as its citizens as to how the event will be remembered. Instead of shutting its eyes and hoping the memory of the uprising and Soviet invasion will somehow go unnoticed, the media have launched a soothing offensive. Its aim is to remind people politely that 1956 was a nationalist and even fascist counter-revolution and as such its defeat alone should be celebrated.

Radio interviews, television programmes, magazine features and books have been earnestly explaining the government's line. The key personality during 1956 was Prime Minister Imre Nagy, whose government embraced the popular uprising. The official history concedes that he was indeed justified in doing away with many practices established by his arch-Stalinist predecessor, Matyas Rakosi, but that in the end the reformist Hungarian Party, inspired by Krushchev's secret

speech at the 20th Party Congress of the CPSU, was infiltrated by a powerful fifth column of brutal anti-communists.

An analysis of Nagy's role is secondary, indeed unimportant, for today's historians. Their job is to provide the link between the defeat of the revolution and the emergence of Kadarism — that most advanced consumerist model within Eastern Europe. The targeted audience has been clearly identified: the post-56 generation.

Structurally, Hungary remains a repressive, undemocratic state. But young people there enjoy perceptibly more personal freedom than their peers elsewhere in Eastern Europe. Although the Hungarian reform is essentially restricted to the economy, it has brought in its wake a degree of cultural and political liberalisation. In the universities students are now beginning to discuss in study groups areas beyond their narrow fields of interest. Budapest's university newspaper, *Egyetemi Lapok*, is carrying critical articles on Western feminism, the history of Hungarian anarchism and even the opposition — all traditionally taboo subjects.

IT IS a tantalising situation. Intellectuals can lick and smell the fruits of open debate and information exchange, but not yet bite into them. The government finds it can contain this mild ferment, but for three years now the virulent ideology of Hungarian nationalism has infected many young people and most of the opposition. When added to this restrictive liberalism, nationalism is leading ever more frequently to explosive confrontation between youth and the police.

The most significant example of this occurred earlier this year on 15 March, the day which marks

the beginning of the 1848 revolution. Some 5,000 people marched from Pest across the river to Buda. The many slogans and songs heard were predominantly nationalist and anti-Rumanian in particular. Anger and unhappiness about the treatment by Rumanian President, Nicolae Ceausescu, of the Hungarian minority in Transylvania is reaching boiling point. After several minor skirmishes with the police, the day's events culminated in a one-sided battle on the city's Chain Bridge. About 500 people were hemmed in on either side of the river by police; who moved in, wielding batons to heads and confiscating all papers of those present.

The significance of 1956 far outweighs that of March 15 in contemporary Hungarian consciousness. The most volatile generation grew up after the event with no practical experience of the privations of the '50s or the brutality of the secret police, but they invest its memory with a profound romantic content.

The thirtieth anniversary will take place against a background of economic and political uncertainty. Inflation, a rare phenomenon in Comecon countries, still runs over the 5 per cent limit set by the economic planners, while the differentials in income are growing between the ostentatious forint millionaires and the country's paupers, estimated at about 1.5 million. The master of reform Janos Kadar is getting too old to keep a grip on everyday affairs and rumours are circulating in Budapest about a possible major reshuffle of the Politburo.

The anniversary will thus be a stiff test for the regime. Any trouble will upset the country's delicate stability and mightily displease the fraternity of socialist states which scrutinises the developments in Hungary with great precision. The government can afford to spare no effort in administering its preventative medicine. □

ROGER WODDIS

Descent from the Summit

A cold going they had of it,
Not the best time of the year
For such a return journey,
The divisions deep and the words sharp,
Presaging a worse winter.

And the watchers chilled, wrong-footed,
Looking for signs of melting snow.
There were times they regretted
The brave hopes raised, the promises
And the climbers smiling and shaking hands.
Then the cameramen cursing and grumbling
And driving away and wanting their liquor,
And the lights going out, and the closed door,
And the spokesmen hostile and the frowns
unfriendly
And the blame apportioned equally,
With the hard voices exulting, saying
That this was all folly.

Did they climb all that way
For life or death? There was talk, certainly,
But their thoughts were different: for one
The earth, for the other the delusory stars.
They returned to their base-camps, their old
Unyielding positions, the way still frozen,
With an anxious people clutching their dreams,
In fear of further handshakes, warmer smiles.



'I'm sick and tired of this wave of explicit violence that's sweeping the political poster scene!'

ON 25 AUGUST a front-page story in *The Wall Street Journal* announced that the United States and Libya were on a 'collision course', that further outrages on the part of Col. Muammar Gadhafi were in the works and that the Pentagon stood ready to 'rubble-ize' key Libyan targets. What should have been striking even then was the extraordinary domino effect the story caused in the press in the days that followed. Was the story true? 'Authoritative', declared White House Press Secretary Larry Speakes. And that interruption of the lethargy of a hot August was enough to convince *The Journal's* competitors and the television networks to run with the story.

Five weeks later, on 2 October, came the great Poindexter memo flap. *The Washington Post* reported on its front page that the *Journal* story and those that followed were based largely on false information, generated as part of a plan to keep Colonel Gadhafi from sleeping at night. With the leak of that news, presumably by a dissenting aide to national security adviser Adm. John Poindexter, editors rushed to their VDU screens.

Their reactions came in three varieties. There were the self-serving professional laurels to *The Post* for blowing the whistle and upholding the principles of adversarial reporting, even though back in August the paper reported the false information as fact. Then there were the tight-lipped warnings of future scepticism: Washington had better be careful; we won't trust them next time. And, loudest of all, there was the wounded cry: How can they lie to us? — the outraged innocence that is peculiar to the American press. Abe Rosenthal of *The New York Times*, who declared he felt 'rather ill' at the idea of the Administration lying to journalists, climbed the loftiest moral pedestal to rail against deception.

Only Jack Nelson, the Washington bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times*, showed any sophistication. 'It's just another indication of the contempt they have for the press', Nelson reflected. 'They'll manipulate or lie or use disinformation to get their story across.' But why was Nelson's such a lone voice? Unasked is the question of how the press, even allowing for the silly season, fell for such a whopper in the first place. It does not even seem strange to most Americans that when national security is invoked, the press drops the standards of traditional journalism, let alone investigative reporting, to lap up any assertion of the Defense Department or the White House.

There are two things going on here, both of which should be readily detectable to anyone with a minimal knowledge of history and a functioning pair of nostrils. One is a long-established tradition of deception and falsehood in the way postwar Presidents have treated the press, especially in matters of foreign policy. The second, more recent, is the expansion of that practice by the Reagan Administration. There was the CIA's effort in 1970 to discredit Chilean President Salvador Allende in the month of his election by feeding a story to *Time* that he planned to use terror to shut down the opposition press. There was the agency's campaign to smear Elias Demetracopoulos, a persistent critic of the Greek colonels, who was deemed to be harming 'good Greek-American relations'. There were its attempts to discredit critics of the Warren commission report on the assassination of President Kennedy. These instances and others were revealed by Morton Halperin, then director of the Center for National Security Studies, during

MEDIA

Staging the news the American way

Victor Navasky

Congressional hearings on the CIA and the media back in the winter of 1977-78. But that was nine years ago, and nine years is a long time in the American historical memory.

Another overlapping category of disinformation should also be familiar by now to any reader. That is the creation of pretexts for action against an external enemy, with the latest Libya flap as a case in point. The paradigm is probably the North Vietnamese attack on those US ships in the Gulf of Tonkin.

European reporters who were in Managua still recall the evening of the US elections in November 1984 with wonderment. That was the night a cloud of dust suddenly arose outside the Hotel Intercontinental, as their US colleagues headed off like a pack of wolves to the seaport of Corinto to check out MIG-21 fighters being unloaded in crates from the Soviet freighter Bakuriani — or at least the Administration said they were being

Others who quit in protest

Les Janka, deputy White House press secretary for foreign affairs. Resigned 28 October 1983, citing damage to his credibility from the way the Reagan Administration handled information and press during the Grenada invasion.

Cyrus R. Vance, Secretary of State. Resigned 28 April 1980, citing his inability to support President Carter's decision to try to rescue the American hostages in Iran.

Jerald F. terHorst, White House press secretary. Resigned in protest 8 September 1974, after one month as President Ford's press spokesman over the plan to grant Richard Nixon an unconditional pardon.

Elliott L. Richardson, Attorney General. Resigned on 20 October 1973, rather than dismiss Archibald Cox, the special Watergate prosecutor, at President Nixon's request.

William D. Ruckelshaus, Deputy Attorney General. Also resigned October 1973, rather than dismiss Cox after Richardson resigned.

Charles W. Bray 3d, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Press Relations at the State Department. Resigned 24 August 1973, over the planned appointment of Henry Kissinger as Secretary of State. Bray was especially concerned with the fact that Kissinger had ordered wiretapping of some of his aides.

New York Times
8 October 1986

unloaded. Do editors of the outraged-innocence school now consider that episode to have been an exercise in disinformation?

In search of additional examples, one need go no further than Libya itself. What about that flurry of stories in November 1981 that Libyan hit men were roaming the streets of Washington? The likelihood is that both the Nicaraguan and the Libyan episodes have by now been consigned to oblivion.

GOVERNMENTS have always urged the press to 'get on the team' in wartime, but as Bernard Kalb's resignation as the State Department spokesman dramatically highlights, the Reagan Administration has vastly expanded the definition of what constitutes a state of war. The Reagan Administration thinks we are at war with a whole range of Third World countries, so it should be no surprise when it imposes wartime restrictions on information. For George Shultz, the conflict with Colonel Gadhafi is analogous to World War II, which allows him to quote Churchill: 'In time of war, the truth is so precious, it must be attended by a bodyguard of lies.'

The bodyguard will surely be out in force in the aftermath of Nicaragua's drowning of a C-123 transport plane shipping arms to the *contras* southern front. With a survivor — whether a CIA operative or a mercenary — in Nicaraguan custody for journalists to interview, some basic questions will probably be raised: Was this the first instalment of Congress's \$100 million in aid to the *contras*? Or a freelance adventure by one of the outfits that inhabits *Soldier of Fortune's* advertising pages?

In a sense, the distinction is academic. After the Poindexter affair, official denials may seem less plausible than usual, but the deck is still stacked heavily against the exposure of what really happened. The lead headline is still more likely to be 'Officials Deny' than 'Nicaragua Proves'. The dateline remains Washington, not Managua. And column one remains the preserve of official bombast, lies and red herrings. We read that Elliott Abrams sees Eugene Hasenfus, the pilot of the C-123 transport plane, and his cohorts as 'heroes' and that George Shultz disclaims 'any connection' before we can turn to the inside pages for some facts.

The danger for anyone who tries to make sense of the current furore over disinformation rests in separating the smoking gun of a demonstrable conspiracy — symbolised this time by the Poindexter memo — from the broader pattern of how this Administration views war, peace and truth. There is no aberration in this most recent instance. For years Administration officials have been telling anyone who will listen that it has a new conception of global conflict and that one of the chief ways of fighting it is through 'psychological operations' such as spreading disinformation, even on the home front.

When they are caught, their response is predictable: unleash the FBI on those internal dissenters who have the audacity to leak. And for dissenters outside the government, including those editors who vow to be sceptical next time around, could there be any clearer message than the sign on Larry Speakes's desk? It reads, 'You don't tell us how to stage the news, and we don't tell you how to cover it.'

Victor Navasky is editor of the *New York Nation*. This article appeared in the *Nation* of 18 October.

ARTS

MUSIC

Sax appeal

Charles Fox

Journey to the Urge Within
COURTNEY PINE *Island* ILPS 9846

THE MEDIA CAN never have wooed a British jazz musician more persistently. During the last week alone there were two radio interviews — on *Woman's Hour* and *Kaleidoscope* — plus an entire edition of BBC1's *Omnibus*. Even people professing to the most minimal interest in jazz must have become aware that a new saxophonist was loose within the land. Yet the significance of Courtney Pine is not just a matter of his ability to attract publicity, nor his undoubted talent, even virtuosity, but the fact that this 22-year-old young man — very articulate, highly personable — the son of Jamaican parents, was born in London. He represents, you might say, an entirely new thrust in British jazz.

Black jazz players working in Britain always came from outside, adept in their craft before even setting foot on these shores. At the start, in the Twenties, there were a few black Americans around, none especially distinguished, but London never became the haven for them that Paris was to be before and after World War II. Instead, and even more understandably, it was West Indians who became part of the British jazz scene. The trumpeter Dave Wilkins, for example, who worked the West End bottle-parties and was also in the all-black dance orchestra led by Ken 'Snakehips' Johnson, a band effectively destroyed by the bomb that fell on the Café de Paris. Another was the guitarist Lauderic Caton, much to the fore during the war years in the little band led by the trumpeter Cyril Blake at Jig's Club in Wardour Street, renowned already as a regular hang-out for black American musicians passing through London.

Activities of this sort were centred on the West End, embedded in the general entertainment scene. And the same was true in the Fifties, which saw the arrival of Joe Harriott, the most original of the West Indian players. Some musicians — the saxophonist Bogey Gaynair and trumpeters Shake Keane and Dizzy Reece, for instance — spent time in London before going off to work in well-paid German big bands. All except Harriott, decidedly an experimenter, followed what was then the accepted procedure, modelling their styles upon those of leading American musicians. That approach began to change as the Sixties rolled on, part of a wider European development but also aided by the arrival of black South Africans such as the saxophonist Dudu Pukwana, drummer Louis Moholo and the trumpeter Mongesi Feza. Their playing reflected, among other things, the rhythms and methods of kwela, the street music of the townships around Johannesburg.

In Britain, as in America, the Sixties saw rock become the music that teenagers danced to. But in

clubs such as The Roaring Twenties in London's Carnaby Street, West Indians gyrated to ska and blue beat, rhythms that, like rock, were not susceptible to the kind of double dealing that jazz players had indulged in for over four decades, catering to dancers while also satisfying their own aesthetic curiosity. And in British cities, unlike New Orleans and Chicago, Kansas City and Harlem, jazz had no popular roots within the community. Tradition was all too often a matter of listening to records, the getting together of a few musicians who grasped how the music should be played.

The shift from entertainment music to art form was brought about in America partly by the impatience of performers — Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk had difficult musical notions to put across — but really became inevitable once jazz began to be divorced from a dancing public. And it was that kind of jazz, as played by two saxophonists, Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, that first captured the attention of Courtney Pine. He had studied classical clarinet playing at school. He had toured with reggae bands, but found they

discouraged individual expertise. The chance to improvise, to express his own musical ideas, was what drew him to jazz.

He was not alone. Other British-born black musicians of his generation had been making the same discovery. In doing so they departed from the attitude of working-class West Indians living in Britain, who, like Asians, but unlike the smaller community of middle-class Africans, never displayed any interest in jazz — or most black American music for that matter, always preferring the Caribbean model. What Pine and his confreres face, in fact, is a situation not so very different from that familiar for so long to white British jazz players. Only a small proportion of people are interested in listening to music for its own sake — as distinct from something in which they participate very actively. Courtney Pine accepts the need for propaganda. He has even set up his own organisation, TAJA — The Abibi Jazz Arts — designed to spread awareness of jazz among Britain's black communities.

An image helps nowadays. Spruce, suited, decidedly couth, these new black musicians



Courtney Pine:
where does he
go from here?

cultivate an appearance drastically at odds with the ramshackle stance of earlier generations of British jazz players — and not at all Rastafarian either. Meanwhile, unlike most of his contemporaries and elders in British jazz, Courtney Pine has been signed up by a major record label. His first LP certainly makes no compromises. The style, mostly inherited from Coltrane, is at once meticulous and nicely turbulent, very much an offspring of Sixties' jazz. But then Pine, like Wynton Marsalis — another young man in a suit — is a consolidator rather than a revolutionary. For the time being, anyway. Already his own personality has begun to emerge, so that as well as the Coltrane-like patterns in 'I Believe' there are fascinating digressions: his use of bass clarinet, warm and velvety, in 'CGC', for instance, full of twirls like the piping on an iced cake, or the gossiping with Kevin Robinson's muted trumpet in 'As We Would Say'.

What does the future hold for this talented young man? He could go and work with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers or with Elvin Jones, joining the ranks of international jazz players. Or he can stay, accepting the more arduous task of constructing a music that will set up links with the black British community as well as satisfying his own aesthetic inquisitiveness, a synthesis, as he puts it, of 'reggae, calypso, church and my parents' musical tastes, like ska'. The task is daunting but it could be historic as well as exciting. □

For another view of Courtney Pine see p.36.

TELEVISION

Thatcher's children

Hugo Williams

'I THINK THE FIRST two episodes have been wonderful,' said Jeffrey Archer, seated at his Bournemouth breakfast table on TV-am last week. He was referring to his own political mini-series, **First Among Equals** (ITV), rather than the Conservative Party one concurrently applauding itself too heartily on all channels. Archer has got a special statesmanlike frown he locks into place for his PR duties on behalf of the Tories, but it is preferable to the awful statesmanlike smile favoured by his keepers as they explain why they are so good for us.

His tale of political intrigue, carved out of his rubbishy novel for him by Derek Marlowe, has even less to do with statesmanship than literature, but manages to keep bandwaggoning on by emphasising all those things a political PR is supposed to play down: greed, ambition, stupidity, anger and lust. With his highly commercial honesty barging up the viewing charts last week, his frown had its work cut out re-establishing Conservative decency down at Bournemouth, hence its anxious appearance at the breakfast table.

Some people will prefer the cardboard self-seekers he writes about to the ones he works for: Fraser, the randy, hyper-active Scot with his dolly bride; Gould, the northern working man whose marriage is going off; Kerslake, impoverished Conservative careerist writing articles for the *Spectator* to pay his son's public school fees;

Charles Seymour, envious second son of a great family manoeuvring vengefully in this alternative world. The action ricochets so nervously from sub-plot to sub-plot, as if in terror of dropping a single vote, that there is never a dull moment; or a subtle one for that matter, but who cares? It's all so rigorously two-dimensional you have to admire its gall.

By contrast, the prestige series **Paradise Postponed** (ITV) exerts a more relaxed influence on my button-finger, permitting longish infidelities with **St Elsewhere** (C4), which I have got a lot of time for. This perhaps explains my confusion at some of the psychological flashbacks inserted here and there to enrich our understanding of things: if the eyelids droop for a moment, characters are liable to come back to life whom you had thought dead. Never mind, it's apparently superior stuff.

As far as I can make out, Henry, a vapid novelist in love with Hollywood, and Fred, a half-hearted medical student, are the sons of a colourful and rich Labour cleric, Simeon Simcox, who is sometimes dead and sometimes alive but, being Michael Hordern, always colourful. Since John Mortimer has told Melvyn Bragg that most of the story is autobiographical, the two brothers presumably represent the twin strands of their author's own career: literature and the law. Which leaves us with the mystery of why Simeon has left his money to the cottage child Leslie Titmuss, who fights his way up through the ranks to become a pompous proto-Thatcherite in off-the-peg dinner-jacket and accent. Does this twist represent the perversion of Mortimer's true inheritance, as he sees it, his long-held socialist convictions hijacked by the new Grocer's Conservatism?

It will be interesting to see how they all come to grief or glory according to Mortimer's personal back-flashing and whether they can resist getting entangled in the superior life-force of Jeffrey Archer and his little darlings, operating out of the following evening, very often over the same political ground. So far it has been the supporting roles which have given most pleasure, in particular Colin Blakely as Dr Salter and the hilarious William Hootkins as Hollywood film producer Benjamin Bugloss.

Even John Mortimer's rather played-out old standby Rumpole of the Bailey will never be as entertaining as Rumpole's alter ego, John Mortimer himself, an ironical and practised 'personality'. Melvyn Bragg had an easy time wheeling him through his career for **The South Bank Show** (ITV). It began with a spell as scriptwriter to Humphrey Jennings during the Attlee years: 'I thought the great new world had started, no more class distinction, no more unemployment . . . I thought everyone was going to give up war and share out their money, but somehow paradise got postponed. I lost faith in documentaries . . .'

He was called to the Bar in 1947 and wrote *The Dock Brief* out of miserable experience to supplement the £5 a week his father paid him for divorcing people. Having lunch with judges and tea with murderers he discovered that a barrister is the antithesis of a writer: 'You don't have a personality of your own, you are your client. You have to suppress your personality, to prevent the truth leaking out.' When his father died he came into his best material: 'Laurence Olivier acted my father dying in the bed my father died in. I looked

out of this window and saw Larry falling out of the tree he fell out of when the retinas left the balls of his eyes . . .'

According to a two-part study on **Omnibus** (BBC1), Alfred Hitchcock was another actor-manqué who put many of his obsessions into his films. He was afraid of heights and birds and he hated his portly appearance. He described himself as 'an uncommonly unattractive young man'. 'My mother looked like a cottage loaf,' he said, 'so you can understand why I look like this.' One of his blonde leading ladies, Anne Todd, said he was an overgrown schoolboy: 'He had a sex obsession which went on and on. He was rather naughty with a lot of his actresses. He wanted to bring them down.' 'He was a bully,' said designer Charles Bennett. 'When Sylvia Sydney arrived he decided he was going to break down this great big American star.'

He certainly doesn't seem to have inspired much fidelity, but perhaps his domineering method was essential to his art. 'Torture the heroine,' was his recipe for success, while François Truffaut spoke admiringly of his love scenes being like murders, his murders like love scenes. It certainly seems unfair to expect the director of *Psycho* to be quite like other boys. 'I felt the content was rather amusing,' said Hitchcock of his most famous film. □

CINEMA

Permanent revolution

Judith Williamson

Blood Red Roses (15)
Metro

HISTORY AND CLASS are funny things. When critics not known for their left-wing views emerged from the preview of *Rosa Luxemburg* murmuring appreciation, I couldn't help feeling, with perhaps rather crude logic, that something was wrong. But once your revolutionary is in the past, allowing your film the delightful production values afforded by period costume, etc, practically anything can be forgiven by the class enemy. Not that there was a lot of class consciousness in *Rosa Luxemburg*: the maid was a character of even less significance than Luxembourg's cat, and the crucial question of reform or revolution seemed to be thrashed out mainly at dinner parties.

Blood Red Roses is — on one level — also a story of a woman's commitment to the struggle against capitalism at considerable cost to her personal life. Like *Rosa Luxemburg*, it centres on one figure throughout a significant period of history. But the history it tells is the history of working-class activism, and its period is not of the kind that requires golden-brown or misty-grey tones — it is the period of our own lives. Although on the face of it the two films have similar subjects, *Blood Red Roses* shows, as *Rosa Luxemburg* never attempted to, what political struggle really means in the lives of the people for whom it is a matter of survival.

The structure of *Blood Red Roses* is, until the very end, that of a long flashback: at her father's funeral, Bessie Gordon looks back over her life, from childhood in the Forties, adolescence in the

Keeping
the flame
alive in
*Blood Red
Roses*



Fifties, her involvement in factory politics, marriage to a shop steward, the birth of her children, and then notoriety as — a shop steward herself, her husband now a union rep — she and her workmates take on the multinational corporation which owns their small works in East Kilbride.

In charting the history of a class — and a country, Scotland — through the saga of one woman, director John McGrath draws on the great realist tradition: realist not in the sense of being realistic, but in the sense that, say, *Middlemarch* is the story not only of individuals but of the classes they stand for and the social forces that affect them. Much in *Blood Red Roses* seems clearly representative in this way: Bessie's husband becomes the union official, she the shop-floor activist; one daughter (born during the Macmillan election) becomes a Trotskyist, the other (born around the time of the Wilson election) becomes an apolitical punk. The birth of a third daughter, in the Eighties, seems to suggest the start of a new future. Equally, the geographical shifts are representative: from their cottage in the highlands, Bessie and her father move to East Kilbride: she says, 'As we grew up, so did the new town all around us.' By the end, they have moved into Glasgow, to the inner city of the Eighties.

Blood Red Roses shares its concern with working-class lives and problems with many realist dramas of the Loach/Garnett genre (*Kes*, *Prostitute*, *The Gamekeeper*, etc); it does not, fortunately, share the irritating naturalism (e.g. hard-to-hear dialogue) of their pseudo-documentary style. Instead it tells its story through

short, detailed scenes, often years apart, yet giving a vivid sense of everyday life. But the other major difference is that this film goes on far beyond the point that would make a conventionally rounded-off drama (e.g. the story of a childhood, the story of a marriage, the story of a particular strike) and as it keeps steadily on it gathers weight until you realise that it is not a drama but an *epic*: the epic story of post-war capital told from the other side.

This gives it something of the feel of Reitz's *Heimat*; but while his epic of German daily life in history was totally compelling, it was disturbingly detached politically. *Blood Red Roses* is like a *Heimat* with politics: the sense of time passing through generations, parents dying, children growing up, is merged with class history so that the profound emotions of loss and continuity are felt not just on an individual but on a social level. In this sense the film does the exact opposite of mainstream ideology, which attempts to channel emotions away from the social and political realm and limit them to personal relationships.

In some circles on the left, 'class politics' are desperately out of fashion (and so, in film theory circles, is realism). But this film isn't a piece of grainy nostalgia. It leads to the brink of the future, giving the exciting sense of our own lives as history still in the making. Bessie's father dies during the 1984-5 miners' strike, and at the end of the film the flashback gives way to an image of the present in which she and her eldest daughter take the new baby on a Nicaraguan solidarity march. As union banners blaze in the wind, music from Chilean exiles Inti Illimani fills the soundtrack with the poignant but persistent sound of courage in the battle against imperialist capitalism. It is the

TRAILERS

A selection of forthcoming cinema events, festivals, seasons, etc.

The 2nd Birmingham Film and Television Festival opens on 23 October with Po Chih Leong's thriller *Ping Pong* — the first feature film from the Chinese community in this country.

The festival provides a chance to see most of the recent releases reviewed here (*The Good Father*, *Rosa Luxemburg*, *Otello*, etc.) and also presents important work from the thriving workshop sector: *Handsworth Songs*, the new film from Black Audio Film Collective, *Rocinante* from Cinema Action, plus programmes from Amber Films, Sankofa, and of course Birmingham's own Film and Video Workshop. For further details ring 021235 3008; for tickets ring 021-643 2514.

The London Film Makers' Co-op celebrates 20 years of its unique contribution to independent, experimental and avant-garde film making with **Light Years**, a festival taking place all over London in cinemas, swimming pools, clubs, theatres, and presenting not only film but installation, 'sound sculpture', tape-slide, video, performance, and combinations of all. This is a quite unique chance to see a vast assortment of contemporary experimentations. Information from LFMC, 01-586 4806.

memory of the cost of that battle which gives the banners their meaning: a memory which the film has supplied. For, rivetting as *Blood Red Roses* is, its true function seems neither to entertain nor to inform. Rather — as its title suggests — it is a testament, a profoundly moving record of a real history which must be remembered and made visible, not to convince others but because memory is necessary to keep going for those whose history it is. □

THEATRE

Illusions of grandeur

Mary Harron

Phantom of the Opera

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER and CHARLES HART
Her Majesty's

THIS IS NOT a musical. It is a public event, like a Royal Wedding, that you may try and resist but must eventually succumb to, lost in a tide of public feeling. It doesn't matter what I or anyone else thinks of it. In an age when even a critically slaughtered show like *Starlight Express* sells out, a flawed but luscious spectacle like *Phantom* will keep the British tourist industry going for ten years to come. Get used to it now; it will probably still be running when your children are grown up.

I came to Andrew Lloyd Webber with a battery of snobbish prejudices, no doubt shared by many

BILLBOARD

Enquiries: Laura Berryman 01-251 5487

Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) **PRAVDA — A FLEET STREET COMEDY**, **ANIMAL FARM**. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) **DALLIANCE, THE MAGISTRATE**. Cottesloe (small auditorium) **THE BAY AT NICE/WRECKED EGGS, THE AMERICAN CLOCK**. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629. Until 25 Oct. Mon-Sat, 8pm (plus 5pm 25 Oct). **CAMBRIDGE FOOTLIGHTS** in **ANOTHER FINE MESS**.

French's Theatre Bookshop

The finest and most comprehensive collection of theatre books in the country. Plays in all editions from every leading publisher, including most contemporary playwrights' work and West End current drama. Spoken work recordings of famous plays and poetry. Worldwide mail order service. Access, Barclaycard, Diners Club and American Express cards accepted. Call, write or telephone for catalogues and ask to be included on our free mailing list.

(We are within easy walking distance of Warren St and Gt Portland St tube stations)

52 Fitzroy Street, London W1P 6JR.

Tel: 01-387 9373.

(24-hour answering service)



The National Sound Archive Events

ABDICATION — TRAGEDY OR ROMANCE?

Thursday October 23

On the fiftieth anniversary of the abdication of Edward VIII. CHRISTOPHER WARWICK, the well-known royal biographer, discusses with JEREMY SILVER, the story of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and one of the most dramatic upheavals the British monarchy has ever witnessed.

This event organised in conjunction with Sidgwick and Jackson Ltd.

TALKING ON THE RADIO

Thursday October 30

Interviews. DJ speak, discussions, what is so strange about radio talk? How does it differ from everyday conversation? How is it that an apparently seamless flow of talk is able to pass itself off as natural 'on the air'? And how do those mistakes get covered over?

LAURIE TAYLOR dissects the vagaries of radio talk and finds some answers to some of these questions.

ANGELS OF THE NIGHT — POPULAR FEMALE SINGERS OF OUR TIME

Thursday November 6

WILFRID MELLERS explores the music and experience of women singers through the twentieth century — reflecting on the influence of Jazz in the careers of many singers from Mahalia Jackson, Bessie Smith, to Joni Mitchell and Laurie Anderson.

This event organised in conjunction with Basil Blackwell

All events start at 7.30pm. Tickets: £2.00/£1.50 concessions.

Booking and further details from The National Sound Archive, 29, Exhibition Road, London SW7 2AS.

Telephone: 01-589 6603.

Direct from
The Half Moon

FROM 21 OCTOBER

STEVEN BERKOFF's

'SAVAGELY COMIC' POLITICAL HIT! F.TIMES



**SINK
THE BELGRANO!**

FOR A
LIMITED
SEASON

'Tight, menacing, compelling' Today

MERMAID THEATRE

Blackfriars by the River, Puddle Dock, London EC4V 3DB

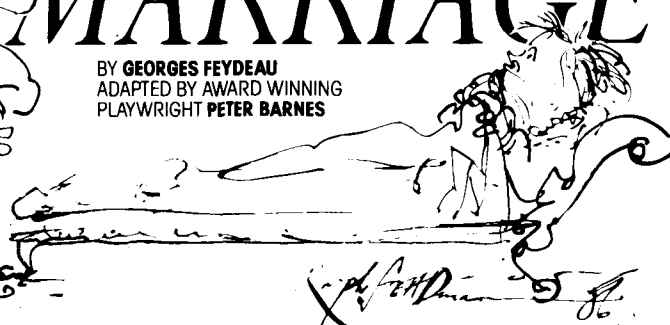
Box Office 01-236 5568, Credit Cards 01-236 5568, 01-741 9999 or First Call 01-240 7200.

REDUCED
PRICE PERFS
TO 24 OCT



scenes from a
MARRIAGE

BY GEORGES FEYDEAU
ADAPTED BY AWARD WINNING
PLAYWRIGHT PETER BARNES



A brilliant, searing farce by France's comic genius which turns the state of marriage upside down.

It is a battle of the sexes which out-Strindberg's Strindberg — but with many more laughs.

Cast includes Susan Colverd, Janet Dale, Ruby Head, Griffith Jones, Peter Jones, Miriam Karlin, Lila Kaye, Jim Kirby, Trevor Peacock, Roger Sloman

Directed by Terry Hands

Music performed by The Fairer Sax



Barbican Theatre

01.628 8795/638 8891

Art Council Funded

readers of this paper. He's middle-brow, he offers fake seriousness to coach parties. He's disgustingly rich. He looks, as someone memorably remarked, 'like a slug in flared trousers'. I've held all these prejudices with the perfect confidence of one who had never seen his work. Now, after *Phantom*, which I admire for its ambition and flare and precision, the fundamental doubt remains, over whether Lloyd Webber can write a classical musical. *Phantom of the Opera*, certain hit though it is, has a lack of passion, or rather a lack of *understanding* of passion, that keeps it from greatness. What it has instead is spectacle. *Phantom of the Opera* has little in common with the Broadway musical, in spite of being directed by one of the masters of the form, Hal Prince. What Prince and designer Maria Bjornson (the true stars of the evening) have done is to revive the 19th-century tradition of theatrical illusion, of sensation and sleight of hand, and proved how delightful that tradition is.

The production opens with an opera house swathed in dustcloths, dominated by a ruined chandelier: the same chandelier that will lurch down shyly and unsteadily in the mis-timed finale to the first act. A man in a wheel chair looks sadly at an old toy, an organ grinder's stuffed monkey, muttering, 'I remember she often spoke about it.' This mysterious vignette, like a number of others, seems to have come from an earlier version of the play and is simply stuck there without purpose or explanation. But who cares? Dry ice pours in, the lights arise, music thunders and the cloths are whipped away to reveal the glistening golden cherubs of a baroque opera house.

'Nothing that Black Sabbath haven't done, I'm sure,' whispered my companion clinically. And, indeed, *Phantom's* style of spectacle has much in common with rock video, particularly in its favoured motifs: dry ice, mirrors, hooded maidens running down stone steps, underground caverns and masks. But here video, the very brashest form of modern music as spectacle, is produced in the high style of grand opera, as wonder after wonder unfolds. Prince has managed everything but the chandelier with military precision, and this is the first British musical I have ever seen with appropriately sharp timing.

But what about the heart of the show? In all the pre-publicity the weakest part always seemed to be the casting of Lloyd Webber's new wife Sarah Brightman as the central character. Putting a pretty but rather vacuous seeming minor singer in such a huge role seemed like grand folly: shades of Susan Alexander and Charles Foster Kane. In fact Sarah Brightman's performance is a pleasant surprise. Her voice is still a little thin and bloodless but she has obviously been in the hands of the very best teachers. Her doll-like looks suit the period and she projects a vulnerable confusion perfectly appropriate to her role as innocent victim.

Andrew Lloyd Webber didn't, like Citizen Kane, buy an opera house for his wife to sing in. But he did write an operetta for her and there are damaging effects. This famous old horror story has been re-worked so that the spotlight is always on Brightman's character, Christine: a passive character who has nothing more dramatic to do than to tremble and look unhappy. And yet the original plot is a great one, with elements of Frankenstein and Beauty and the Beast. The

emotional core of *Phantom* is the image of the poor monster, both pitiable and terrifying. For the first three-quarters of Lloyd Webber's show he is simply a rather gifted teacher ('the angel of music is very strict') given to hiding in mirrors and speaking in a disembodied voice. In a fatal narrative mistake the Phantom's own background is not given until the very end; understanding so little about him, it is difficult to feel. There is little horror here, particularly as the Phantom doesn't look half bad with his little mask on, if you like older men. Only in the final scene, with the face revealed, does Michael Crawford have a chance to act. The blaze of emotion that comes through was precisely what we had been missing for the previous two and a half hours.

With a lifetime of performances ahead it is to be hoped that Lloyd Webber and Prince will re-think the musical before its Broadway opening, cutting out an unnecessary and inappropriately jovial sub-plot involving the two theatre managers and slicing at least one operetta pastiche from a pastiche laden score. The Phantom should be allowed his rightful place in centre stage and horror and tears given full rein. As for Lloyd Webber's gifts, I can't help feeling that he is the Cliff Richard of the musical world, not the Elvis Presley. □

RECORDS

Passion plays

Donny O'Rourke

MARIA TOLLY is from Islington, won the GLC's Peace Song Competition in 1983 and writes the sort of political songs that most record companies refuse to handle. Increasingly popular as a turn at benefits and rallies, she pulls audiences because she doesn't pull punches.

One of the tracks on *Voices* (Stroppy Cow Records, SC53) is a polemic on Ireland called 'Troops Out'; it leaves no doubt as to Tolly's views on the North. There are three other songs on the album that grew out of contact with people there. 'Living in a Nightmare' uses the image of children playing with plastic toys to expose the cruel euphemism 'plastic bullets'. Lyrics, music and performance are strong throughout.

Tolly's feminism leaves men room to reform. Rightly, it also leaves us feeling uncomfortable. If it's in the nature of the genre that a lot of the targets come from stock, the way in which they are sighted is distinctive, poetic and passionate. The radio actuality (bells ringing, hoovers going, all that sort of thing) which leads into each track is a bit wearing, but this is an otherwise arresting debut, on a record which includes a more than passable (sung) Thatcher impersonation.

The chief joy of *Fire in the Glen* (Topic, TS443), a first-rate album from Andy M. Stewart, Phil Cunningham and Manus Lunny, is a clutch of new songs from Stewart. More than any among his peers he produces songs and a vocal style with the smack of the Scots tradition. His two tracks about the cultural as well as economic clearance of the Highlands are not merely poignant; they ask what needs to happen now to help make up for that despoliation. Although less pithy than those, his

musings on the First World War and his grandfather's service in it is equally forceful and beautifully worked up out of the traditional 'Will Ye Go To Flanders'.

All this praise for Stewart should not obscure the playing of Cunningham and Lunny, who add deftly to the songs and play brilliantly in their own right. Occasionally the production becomes a touch inflated. 'Ferry Me Over' is a homesick anthem with a lump in the throat, a swell to its tune and all the depth of a tin of shortbread. But that hasn't stopped me humming it. It's a measure of the trio's worth that it gets away with stuff like this and leaves us calling for more.

'A kind of anarchist Noel Coward', Leon Rosselson has been called. He's also a bit like Tom Lehrer, with more politics and a guitar instead of piano. He writes *witty*, cleverly rhymed left-wing songs and *passionate*, cleverly rhymed left-wing songs. On *Bringing the News from Nowhere* (Fuse, CF390) 'The World Turned Upside Down', about the Diggers, is the latter sort. Billy Bragg and Dick Gaughan have made it fairly well known, but this album ought to let Rosselson emerge as more than the chap who wrote the song with which Billy Bragg had a hit.

Its theme is the struggle of the decent but ordinary against institutional rottenness in the press, in South Africa, in life. There's variety and invention in the arrangements and the backing musicians (including some of Rosselson's long-time collaborators: Carthy, Armstrong, Bailey, Kirkpatrick) are accomplished if occasionally flash. An album that puts the NS to music. □

MUSIC

State of siege

Andrew Clements

The Capture of Troy
Opera North
The Trojans
DAVIS *Philips* 416 432-2, four CDs

THE FOURTH production of Berlioz' *The Trojans* to reach the stage in Britain (two previously at Covent Garden, one in Scotland) is to be shared between Opera North, Welsh National and Scottish Operas. In the new year WNO will present the second, more expansive part of the epic, *The Trojans at Carthage*; meanwhile Opera North has the project underway with the tauter, more punchy *Capture of Troy*. It plays in Leeds until this Friday, then tours to Nottingham, Manchester and Hull. It should not be missed.

Berlioz works on such a scale in *The Trojans* that the problem for any director not blessed with the resources of a purpose-built opera house is one of minimising the physical dimensions of the opera without diminishing too drastically its emotional and musical scope. Tim Albery's staging is eminently well designed for touring and for easy adjustment to suit a variety of theatres. The sets (by Antony McDonald and Tom Cairns) are founded upon boxes: concrete, pock-marked enclosures for the first act, complete with wailing wall to provide a focus for the Trojan grief, a

highly compressed upper-storey chamber for the tragedy of the Trojan women in the final scene. As a timeless image of a society at war it works well and the costumes — mud-spattered greys for the people, primary reds and blues for the principals — define immediately the two elements of the drama, the destruction of a people by the Greeks and the conflicting emotions and ambitions of their rulers, ravaged by the siege and intent on seeking their own salvations.

Once or twice the action feels just too confined; Aeneas' escape at the beginning of the second act is kept to the front edge of the stage and soon becomes a welter of milling bodies. But otherwise the sense of claustrophobia is perfectly apt. The chorus has been perceptively produced: there is no suggestion of a regiment of lifeless, drilled extras; every member is an individual, working out the crisis in his or her way.

The best of the principals are equally detailed: Kristine Ciesinki's Cassandra dominates, as she should, and possesses the physical impact to hold attention. She handles the text (in Hugh Macdonald's lucid English) with skill and clarity; it becomes a profoundly moving portrayal, though her voice lacks an ideal range of colour. Richard Salter's Chorus is fine grained, attentive to verbal inflection; Ronald Hamilton's Aeneas is less effective, awkwardly acted, insufficiently heroic at his first, potentially electric entry. The silent role of Andromache, wife of the dead Hector, is here taken by a Rambert dancer, Lucy Burge, and under Alberty's direction is shaped into a totally involving piece of mime.

David Lloyd Jones conducts; he is invariably focussed upon the dramatic function of the music, keeping the action moving remorselessly, even if the orchestral playing sometimes lacks the rhythmic spring that the best Berlioz specialists can bring to it. The chorus responds to his prompting with gutsy intensity; it dominates the opera dramatically and musically.

In only one respect can the presentation be questioned. Alberty and Lloyd Jones have elected to include an extra scene that Berlioz dropped from his full score, in which the captured Sinon baits the trap of the Trojan Horse. While it may provide further narrative flesh, its position in the first act wreaks havoc upon the dramatic structure, defusing Aeneas' explosive appearance (not helped by the performance of that role) and annulling the contrast with the portrayal of Andromache's grief which precedes it. I hope Opera North has second thoughts, for one of the achievements of this production is to underline what a tight piece of music drama *The Capture of Troy* is.

For anyone who sees it and longs for the catharsis of the Carthage sequel, also for anyone who plans to see it and wants to do some thorough preparation, Philips has just transferred Colin Davis' thrilling recording of *The Trojans* to compact disc. The performance was recorded in 1969 and based upon performances at Covent Garden. It is distinguished not only by Davis' marvellously tight dramatic control (compare the very opening bars with Lloyd Jones in Leeds to hear the increase in voltage) but by Josephine Veazey's moving Dido in the second part and, especially, Jon Vickers' explosive Aeneas, who dominates the action quite magnificently. The CDs sound wonderful, catching the unadorned rawness of the scoring with satisfying vividness. □

WORK IN PROGRESS

Coming to Grips

Naseem Khan

THERE'S A TRIUMPHANT roll from the rock band. The curtains part and strutting down the staircase, in a blaze of lights and glory, comes the rock star that the young heroine has been seeking throughout *Line One*.

Surely the stage is set for a vast and smoochy reconciliation? No. She looks up at the apparition, then turns, instead, to one of the shabby Berliners she has encountered in her day and night on the Underground. True love triumphs; fantasy fades.

A sentimental ending, agrees Volker Ludwig, who has written and directed this rock musical for the pioneering German children's theatre, Grips.

Sentimental, but, he argues, progress. Fifteen years ago, when Grips began (springing from the ashes of an earlier political cabaret), young audiences, unused to theatre, had been able to cope with emotion only in the safe constraints of songs. 'Now,' says Ludwig, 'they are much more open to feelings. I've seen even the journalists crying.'

This bit of Grips' achievement was not in evidence at the Shaw Theatre, where the German cast recently played the show in English, but then *Line One* — Grips' move from children's theatre into youth theatre — is not a tear-jerker; it's a simple, warm-hearted, rambling tale (a hundred characters played by an energetic cast of eleven actors) that follows the life of a city through 24 hours.

The unnamed heroine has run away from home to follow the singer who's dazzled her, in her one-horse German town, to Berlin. She rides the Underground searching for him (the address he has given her, of course, is false) and finding all sorts of other friends during the ebb and flow of a Berlin day. The denouement — against most canons of expedience and convention — is a useful blow for personal choice and independence of mind.

In Grips' Berlin base (a converted cinema) the show has been a runaway success — which isn't unusual, as the company's played to near capacity houses for years, and collected a fair amount of awards for plays, says Ludwig, called 'Anti-Authoritarian' or 'Emancipatory' by pedagogues. 'But never,' he adds quickly, 'by us.'

In a country with, unlike Britain, no Theatre-in-Education, Grips came into a market dominated by the old-style Christmas pantomime: not surprising, then, that its local young audiences came and stayed for 'the first children's theatre that was not boring'. The plays, the children say, make them laugh (if any didn't, says Ludwig, they'd be taken off); their characters talk like their audiences; and all the action is set in Berlin. 'That's what they love, because they are in the middle of the plays. They feel accepted.'

In a British context, the Grips story is both

unusual and commonplace. The tenor of the work is not a breakthrough. TIE companies — the unsung success story of British theatre — have worked similar ground, evolving a direct and fluid style to suit the varieties of venues and audiences they're likely to meet. What is unusual, however, is first of all the breadth of the enterprise — when have you seen a youth theatre here with a cast of eleven and a rock band? — and, second, the place it enjoys. TIE work inhabits the outer reaches, the school halls where rarely a critic sets foot. It does not find itself in mainstream theatres, Shaw or other. Nor is it the subject — with the honourable exception of the 'Drama' prizes — of mainstream annual theatre awards.

It is tempting to see Germany as a home of enlightenment by comparison, but, says Ludwig firmly, 'Not so.' Grips may have found critical acclaim and scholarly approval, but the bottom line, where the books are meant to balance, is just as tenuous as here.

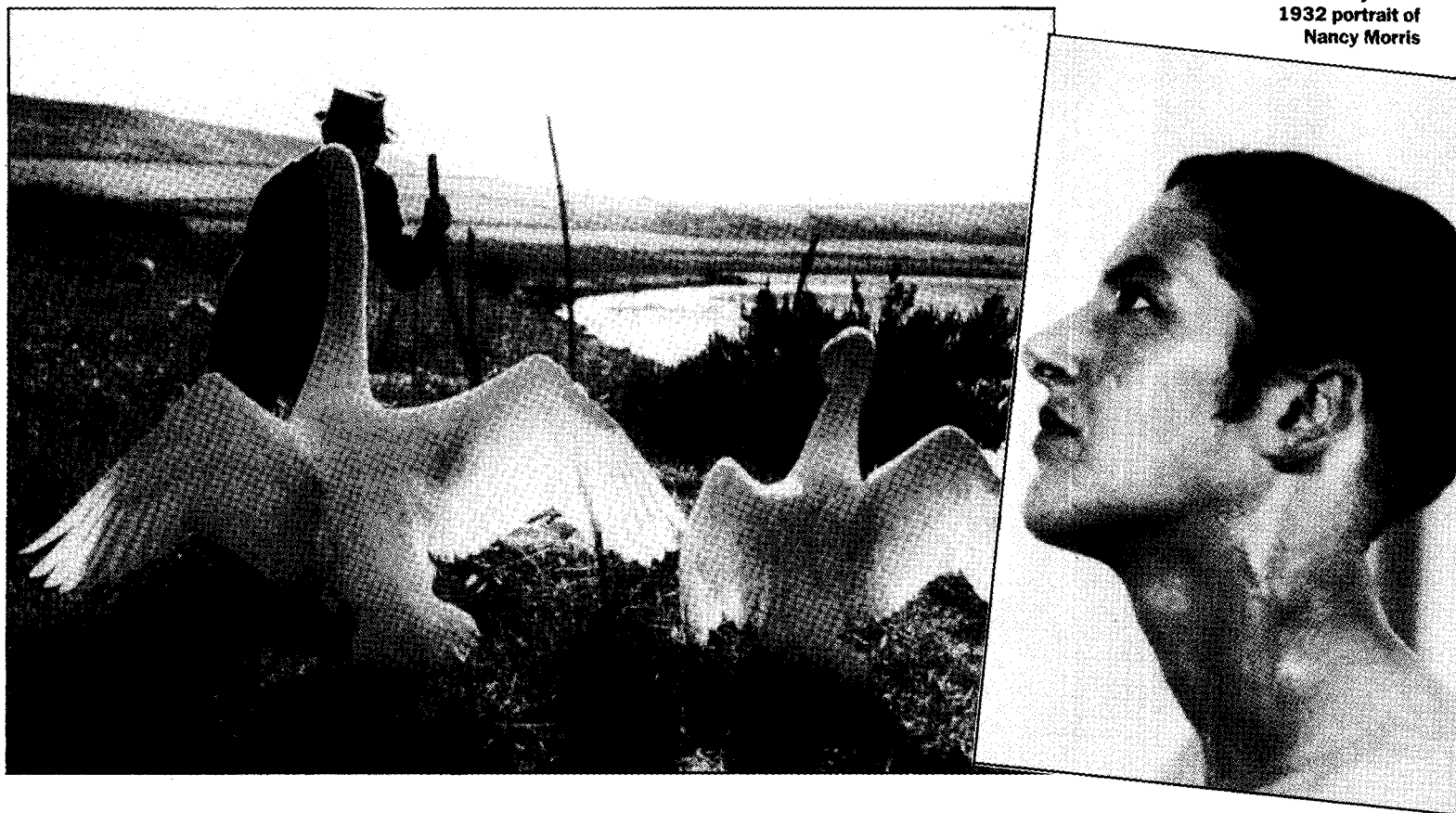
At the same time, the company's position has been eroded by other factors, not least by bad imitators who seize on 'issues' (like pollution or *Gastarbeiter*) and claim to be dealing with them according to the Grips Method. More significantly, says Ludwig, there has been the new development of state-sponsored children's theatre, a determined move away from social realism into what he scathingly describes as 'fantasy and art'. 'Nearly all the people who do this children's theatre, they got minority complex. They want to show that they do "Real Art", "Higher Art", that they fight against that awful, doctrinaire, boring socialist theatre of yesterday that are we.' But it's no good, he goes on soberly. He looked at the audiences for *Waiting for Godot* and saw that they were bored out of their minds.

The issue is not the simple one of cops and robbers that it might seem. The disadvantage of both Grips and our own TIE work is that they make their way towards rational solutions — albeit over terrain that is realistically confused and murky, in which the bad prosper and kids have a hard time. By the end, resolutions have been reached: children realise that their parents, apparently harsh and tyrannical, are themselves under pressure; parents come to terms with baffling children; the alien kids at school are discovered to be just like everyone else; the timid learn courage. These are bracing lessons, certainly, and, equally certainly, reinforce all the right values.

There is, however, a danger in it all, leading at its most extreme to emotional thinness, even dishonesty; a glibness that serves no one's best interests. The darker side of things — the insoluble forces of an irrational and largely uncontrollable world — still lie in wait outside the school gates, where the heroine never meets the rock star at all. □

Books

Merlyn Severn's 1946 'Swan Haven at Abbotsbury' (left) and (below) Barbara Ker-Seymer's 1932 portrait of Nancy Morris



PHOTOGRAPHY

Change of focus

Liz Heron

Women Photographers: The Other Observers 1900 to the Present

VAL WILLIAMS *Virago* £9.95

FEMINIST HISTORICAL rescue work is no longer the novelty it was in the Seventies and any new account of forgotten women and their achievements faces the suspicion that there's little left to uncover. All the more reason, then, to give this book the credit and the praise it deserves as a serious and searching study that takes historical recovery as a starting point and proceeds to question the larger issues and histories in which women's marginal status is implicated.

The two stated intentions — to bring to light the photography of little-known women and to relocate within a women's tradition the work of photographers already in the mainstream — are approached with an acute critical perception of different photographic practices — portraiture, reportage and press pictures, candid photography, images of record — in terms of how these evolved particular traditions and of women's place within them. But the boldness and originality of the enterprise can only be appreciated when it is seen as a challenge to the established reverence for the liberalism of British

photographic institutions, a liberalism all too often mythologised as radicalism, as in the case of *Picture Post*.

Despite women's relative absence from standard histories, their participation in photography has, since its Victorian beginnings, been both extensive and noteworthy. One reason for their marginalisation was the classic disruption or curtailment of careers by domestic responsibilities; another less obvious one has been the temporary character of women's photographic activity. It was certainly the unusual and dislocated nature of their experience that prompted many nurses at the First World War battle fronts to record their landscapes. Val Williams sees the outstanding documents some of them produced as quite distinct from any of the dominant strands to appear in later social documentary, and this aesthetic separation, together with a common situation of isolation from other photographers, seems to explain both the absence of subsequent continuities with work that was often significantly innovative and the photographer's own disappearance from visibility.

Women documentarists, it emerges, worked either as 'insiders' or as straightforward makers of record, but rarely in the candid mode that became so central to press photography and reportage. One example is the suffragette Nora Smyth, whose respectful, intimate record of East End poverty was produced during her association with Sylvia Pankhurst and the East London Federation and constitutes her only known output. Another is the more prolific Christina Broom, whose picturing

of an imperialist England through its pageantry and well-ordered patriarchal institutions has also been unjustly overlooked, for similar reasons of incompatibility with accepted notions of the documentary tradition, but to the detriment of social history.

Portraiture, on the other hand, has never kept women out, though the major part they played in the studio portraiture movement right up until its decline in the early Sixties is easily ignored in today's identification of fashion and commercial work with male photographers, along with the amateur market. Val Williams' account of portraiture as practised by such high-society doyennes as Lallie Charles and Dorothy Wilding, and as an expanding female profession from the Twenties onwards, stands at the same time as an incisive commentary on changing representations of femininity as defined by particular sections of the upper class. Within this perspective she situates the society portraits of Madame Yevonde, the one-time suffragette Edith Plummer, as brilliant studies in female irony, in a historical line with the current work of feminist Jo Spence. Women's portraiture in this country, she notes, concentrated on symbols and, for that reason, is worthy of the notice it never had because of its failure (or refusal) to express the personal.

What the portrait is to feminine worldliness and glamour the snapshot is to domesticity. In a chapter exploring the construction of the family idyll through the genre in both public and private photography, Val Williams finds in the Charlton albums of Vanessa Bell a supremely roseate example of the highly selective picturing of family

life, one that suggests how much the family album and its absences repay further study. The role of *Picture Post* in confirming a particular model of family and childhood experience within its populist project of national unification runs through her analysis of how women fared as photojournalists. It is here, in the moment of post-war reconstruction, that the book's preoccupations with women's place in photography meet definitively with its emphasis on wider social realities. In exploring major aesthetic shifts that took place in the Thirties (what she appositely calls 'reconstructing the imagination') she traces the move away from modernism to a mode of romantic realism not only through the work of those experimentalists left behind by altered public sensibilities, but also, more tellingly, through the work of women like Edith Tudor Hart and Helen Muspratt, which exemplifies attempts to fuse social concern with a consciously aesthetic purpose.

By fixing a sharp radical focus on women's experience as photographers and on the meanings of what they produced, Val Williams has re-charted the social and cultural history of photography in Britain. There are no extravagant claims for unrecognised individuals, though it's clear from both the words and the pictures in this beautifully produced book that many have never been given their due. A good many women are missing; this is no celebratory catalogue. It is, instead, a book I can only hope will influence photo-history and criticism as much as it is likely to inspire the contemporary feminist photographers Val Williams writes about in her final chapter. □

FICTION

Revisionary

Glyn Hughes

The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta
MARIO VARGAS LLOSA *Faber* £9.95

MARIO VARGAS LLOSA'S 1962 novel, *The Time of the Hero*, was publicly burned in his homeland of Peru because it used the violence of Lima's military academy as a metaphor for Peru itself. Since then Llosa has mellowed from being a marxist into a democrat and self-declared 'pragmatist'; the man who was offered the prime-ministership of his country.

The context of *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta* is that of a novelist searching out his information. Llosa is also a television presenter and a journalist. He is as much interested in how truth is understood and reported — in the lights flashing to and fro between the mirror and the object reflected in it — as he is in a failed revolutionary. The 'real life' is not necessarily the one of the facts. What are facts? Continually the novelist explains himself to his interviewees. 'Because I'm a realist, in my novels I always try to lie knowing why I do it.' There aren't many facts to be discovered, and they are contradictory. 'This investigation,' he says, was undertaken 'so I could lie and know what I'm lying about.' History, as we all know by now, is the

fiction of those who write it, the victors. The real life of Mayta is made urgent because the novelist is writing 25 years after the event, in a future Peru suffering the results of revolutionary failure. It is supposedly a battleground of liberation, but actually an arena for a trial of strength between a Cuban-Bolivian backed army and US marines, in which Peruvians merely suffer.

Mayta, until his own disillusionment, is the opposite of the pragmatist that Llosa has become: a natural revolutionary. Even as a child at a Catholic seminary, he tries by self-sacrificing example to revolutionise the conditions of the poor. He eventually grows up into a 'forty year old man with flat feet who's spent his life in the catacombs of theoretical revolution'. Though in need of comrades, he is an isolate. It transpires that he may be a tentative homosexual, which puts him even further beyond the pale than he is already as a Trotskyist squabbling with Stalinists. Peru meanwhile is polarised between Lima, 'a foreign, lazy, anti-Peruvian city', home to the rich and most murderous of the poor, sinking in garbage (metaphorical and actual), and the Andes where the enslaved and degraded Indians swarm, worse off than ever, a volcano of revolutionary potential.

Mayta is the kind of revolutionary who can handle every twist and turn of dialectical materialism but does not know what to do with a gun in his hands. Until, that is, he meets Vallejos, a politically naive army Lieutenant who seems to have a practical plan to start the revolution. Mayta sees his chance for action. He is expelled by his Trotskyist brethren — and naturally the Stalinists won't help either — when the two men attempt a revolution in the mountains.

In *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta*, Llosa's feeling for the pain of his country is as powerful as ever but the more moving for being elegant and elaborate, even cool, in its expression. Essentially this is a contribution to the literature of political disillusionment; not an original theme these days, but the combination of the passionate experience that informs it, with the resources of Llosa's celebrated time-and-narrative shifts, create a masterly and moving novel. □

FICTION

Off limits

John Clute

O-Zone

PAUL THEROUX *Hamish Hamilton* £10.95

O-ZONE MAY BE a novel about a near-future corporate-state America, gripped by xenophobia and fundamentalism, where Owners zap 'aliens' with ray-guns for the fun of it, but no one on reading the book could mistake Paul Theroux for a writer of science fiction. This is perhaps deliberate; it surely seems almost inevitable. When mainstream writers decide to try their hand at science fiction, the likes of *O-Zone* are all too often what they end up producing.

This is not to say that the second half of this enormous novel is particularly bad, and there are indeed long sequences, set in boondock America, where Paul Theroux, once he gets his dander up, comes very close to delivering the goods. It is the disdainful amateurishness of the first half that marks the author as being ill at ease with the sleek, efficient, pulpy conventions of the genre, so that in establishing the terms of his future America he seems at times unbearably coquettish, fatally condescending.

Nuclear materials have been stored under the Ozarks. Fifteen years before *O-Zone* starts, an earthquake has made the area uninhabitable, or so a gaggle of Owners from embattled New York are led to believe. Gaining Access rights for a junket, eight of them buzz off to the O-Zone in armoured helicopters, only to find 'aliens' — non-citizens of the corporate state — occupying the area like Noble Savages. Billionaire Hooper Allbright becomes fascinated by a young female Savage he has taped and, with the aid of his brilliant and desperately unsocialised nephew Fisher, he returns to this black hole of America, and of his own desiccated soul, where he kidnaps the girl but

This week in the London Review OF BOOKS

Ian Gilmour on terrorism
Philip Roth visits Primo Levi
William Rodgers: the chances for the SDP
Michael Brock: did more mean worse?
KAL 007: R.W. Johnson challenges Seymour Hersh

Out Now!
See your newsagent

London Review of Books, Tavistock House South,
Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JZ Tel: (01) 388 7487



loses Fisher to the wilderness.

All of this takes 200 too many pages to tell. Like a slightly prurient virgin, Theroux will time and again touch on an sf convention — hi-tech weaponry; ubiquitous computer interfaces with the world; fundamentalist vigilantes terrorising 'aliens' from gunships; rococo fashions and decadent sexual practice among the rich Owners of a moribund, balkanised America — only to shy away from actually allowing it to inform his ample creative imagination. By failing to use these conventions competently, however arbitrary they may seem to a 'literary' mind, he creates a world of numbing exiguity. Only in O-Zone itself does he come to life.

Fisher is an inspired creation, a gawky, savage, creepy mathematical genius, not too dissimilar (one might hazard) to a certain American chess wizard. His gradual coming to manhood in the real world may be an old theme, one at the heart of a thousand sf juveniles, but in Theroux's hands it is given a darkly comic complexity that almost redeems the novel. Here, with wit, panache and considerable satiric punch, Theroux finally makes one able to believe in the seamy, fractured nightmare of his fascist America; he grasps the nettle of his vision. Those who put up with the earlier ramblings will feel rewarded for their persistence. It is unfortunate that those who understandably balk will miss the small, grave, spiky miracle of Fisher's blossoming. □

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Pole apart

Kathy Porter

Solik

K. S. KAROL trans. EAMONN McARDLE *Pluto* £7.95

KARL KAROL IS 17 years old when he hears Molotov announce the news of Germany's invasion of Russia, in June 1941. 'Perhaps Russia already has a presentiment then that she will obtain victory only at the price of 20 million dead,' he writes in this extraordinary story, 'so she weeps for them in advance.'

The USSR's four-year ordeal by bombing, starvation and torture has been evoked by thousands of Soviet writers who fought with the defenders of Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad, or worked under unspeakable conditions at the labour front to defeat the Nazis. Karol, however, is a Pole, and his witty, bitter biography is the story of an outsider, sleepwalking through the war with the exhausting, disjointed vividness of a nightmare.

An atheist Jew from Lodz, he attends a Catholic lycée named after a martyr priest who perished

during the 'miracle of the Vistula', 'making signs of the cross at the Bolshevik hordes'. From his older brother, Shurka, he learns that Soviet Russia is the only country capable of ridding the world of the Nazis and, in 1938, Shurka is proved right by Munich. Shurka is also proved right on 1 September 1939, when German units cross the Polish border.

Karol, with his school class at military training camp, volunteers on the spot, vowing to crush the Nazis then turn his gun on 'the oppressor regime in Poland'. For the next two weeks, Karol and his little troop trudge down the roads of Central Poland in ever diminishing circles, battered by the *Luftwaffe* and dreaming of British planes and another miracle on the Vistula. By now Poland's government of generals, having preferred British 'guarantees' to Soviet assistance, are in exile in London where they learn that Britain is not in a position to help Poland 'at the present time'. Karol, however, is an ardent Anglophile.

His journey to nowhere ends in the village of 'Injustice' where he loses his eye in a volley of German machine-gun fire. A month later he is released from hospital, crosses the frozen river Bug into Soviet Russia and arrives in Lvov, newly in Soviet hands. Five months later the Poles are deported from the towns near the Polish-Russian border (and saved from the Nazis' war of extermination there the following year) and Karol is deported to the limitless forests of Western Siberia to hew wood. He escapes, travels 2,000 miles south to his father's birthplace of Rostov-on-Don and there enrolls in School 44 — and in the Komsomol, for one-eyed 16-year-old 'Solik' already has the cunning of a grown man.

At the outbreak of war, he enlists as a political worker with an aerial training-school at Kislovodsk. Here the tragedies of encirclement, siege and occupation unfold far away and the soldiers escape despair by chasing women. Although 'Solik' is a 'mediocre predator', he tells us, he puts the old revolutionary ideals of free love to good use throughout the war in a string of sexual conquests: of 'Olga the peasant', 'Lyuba the redhead' and 'Nievka the aristocrat', the love of his life, a nurse, a Communist and survivor of the Leningrad blockade, in whom he discovers a political innocence and idealism he has never had.

The turning-point of Russia's war with Germany arrives, with terrifying suddenness, in the summer of 1942 and 'the horrors of war cut close to the bone'. With Novocherkassk and Rostov lost and the Germans closing in on Kislovodsk 'Solik' (minus his identity papers) joins the stream of soldiers and Jews fleeing across the blazing Caucasus. Wounded and taken to hospital, he discharges himself to Armenia. And there, caught out by his missing papers, he is arrested and packed off to a Siberian labour camp. Released after a year, he staggers back through the snow to Rostov, where he celebrates the end of the war and marries his old schoolfriend, the faithful Klava.

But by now the physical exhaustion and humiliation of his Siberian imprisonment have dulled his taste for life and he curses his Soviet tormentors. When the war ends, he leaves Klava in Rostov and travels to Poland, then Paris, where he settles, first as foreign correspondent of the *New Statesman*, now as senior editor of the weekly *Nouvel Observateur*.



You may remember, from 1982, a show by that fine Australian singer Robyn Archer, *A Star Is Torn*. It was a celebration and re-examination of the painful talents of such mothers of her art as Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Piaf (above, with, inset, Archer's impersonation), Garland, Monroe, Janis Joplin: superstars all of whom 'died too young'. Now, having read the book of the show — also entitled *A STAR IS TORN* (Virago, £7.95) — I wish more than ever that I'd seen the original. Not only do I admire Archer's singing, but, in print, the most powerful passages are those where she and the book's co-author, journalist Diana Simmonds, evoke their subjects' particular talents: their phrasing, their style, the tone of their voice. I've been digging out tapes and records not played for ages. Elsewhere, however, there are irritations. Having raised a number of fascinating questions — do women superstars pay for 'success' more than/differently from men? how can feminism solve the old conflict between 'wild' women and those for whom 'purity' means safety? — the book keeps on shoving them tetchily, defensively, aside. It falls back too often on such glib assertions as that men stars die of 'excess', women of 'deprivation'. Ironically, the book works best on that dangerous, voyeuristic level — half hero-worship, half *Shadenfreude* — that the authors themselves identify as having allowed their stars to suffer, so publicly, without help. (Harriett Gilbert)

Solik is about being born with the original sin of a Polish passport and identity; it's about arriving at adulthood as a displaced person; about secrecy, bitterness, distrust and, finally, loss of faith. 'This is no longer "my" society,' he writes as he prepares to leave the Soviet Union. 'My "burden" is the memory of the Gulag, which weighs on me as heavily as the mountains of the Caucasus, and I know no way of making it lighter.'

Kathy Porter is the co-author, with Mark Jones, of *Moscow in World War Two*, to be published by Chatto next February.

FICTION

Signs of life

Gillian Wilce

Moments of Reprieve

PRIMO LEVI trans. RUTH FELDMAN *Michael Joseph* £9.95

THESE *MOMENTS OF REPRIEVE* are brief stories, mainly of Auschwitz. Paralipomena, the author calls them at one point, the 'things left out' of his two earlier accounts of his experience in concentration camp. In his preface he describes how certain people from that time continued to come back vividly into his mind until he had shaped their stories, giving them 'the ambiguous perennial existence of literary characters', people who — it turned out when he put the stories together — had in common a refusal to become mere victims.

The stories could all have had people's names as titles since each recounts an incident which illumines the stubborn and invaluable individuality of its protagonist: Tischler who shelters with the author inside a bit of iron piping on their common 25th birthday and celebrates it by telling him the legend of Lilith; Wolf who can sing from memory all the parts of whole orchestral works; Rappoport the predator who reckons, taking life by and large, he is still one-up on Hitler; Bandi, seemingly ill-fitted to survive Auschwitz since he arrives there with a deep disinclination to lie, cheat or steal and 'a unique talent for happiness'; Mertens the German chemist who will not talk about his work. Primo Levi uses this last subject — as he did Dr Muller in *The Periodic Table* — to fret away again at the idea of the 'almost-me, another myself, turned upside down', the professional man of no particular sadism or ill will who works for an evil regime — and how does he manage to live with that fact? No simple answer, of course.

The stories are at their most powerful as individual artefacts when written out of memory; marginally less effective, when, as in the Mertens one, he is writing speculatively and at second hand. But in this context even 'less effective' means succinct and at times almost intolerably clear. Either Primo Levi is again well served by his translator or his prose is so lucid and direct that it would be difficult to translate it badly. The striking plainness of the language, however, has nothing to do with banality; it appears rather the

effect of a struggle with truth in which superfluities have been worn away.

Although the stories show remarkable human capacities — for self-preservation, appetite for life, pleasure unusually found — they are neither comfortable nor comforting, they eschew all sentimentality. Take the story of Lorenzo. 'In the violent and degraded atmosphere of Auschwitz, a man helping other men out of pure altruism was incomprehensible.' Yet Lorenzo, a silent Italian 'free' labourer, regularly and at considerable cost to himself smuggled in food to the author, food which made the difference between life and death. And yet this did not make Lorenzo a saint or even a readily sympathetic human being. He may have been a saviour, 'but he was a morose savior'.

This is to say that the stories are more than averagely adult in their refusal of easy categories. Perhaps they could only have been written by someone who was not only there himself but also has brooded ever since on what he saw of human nature under torsion.

At first, compared with Primo Levi's earlier works, the collection seems slight and quickly read but, on rereading and reflection, what he himself says of his story of Chaum Rumkowski, the internal dictator of the Lodz ghetto, comes to seem true of *Moments of Reprieve* as a whole:

A story like this goes beyond itself: it is pregnant, asks more questions than it answers, and leaves us in suspense; it cries out and demands to be interpreted because in it we discern a symbol, as in dreams and signs from heaven, but it is not easy to interpret.

PHILOSOPHY

Enlightened despot

Justin Wintle

Voltaire

A. J. AYER *Weidenfeld* £14.95

'IF CROMWELL were to be born again,' Voltaire wrote in his *Philosophical Essays* of 1734, 'Cromwell, who cut off his king's head and made himself Sovereign, would be a simple London merchant.' Conceivably this was not the best of all possible pronouncements to make on someone who, by virtue of being dead, could not respond.

If we took a poll among historians as to what form Voltaire's own reincarnation might take, opinions would be sharply divided. Some would toe the official Enlightenment line and allow him to be recast perhaps as a left-bank radical. Others would say he belongs more naturally to, say, the Bourgeois. On the credit side Voltaire was a tireless enemy of organised religion, a passionate defender of justice and an outstanding advocate of tolerance. In the other column we find an uncritical supporter of absolutism, a dedicated profiteer and an unswerving anti-semit. Democratic theory dismayed him, Louis XIV was a hero and his millions were made not from his pen but by moneylending and unscrupulous business practices, which included manipulating the public lottery. Had Voltaire died before he was 60 he would be remembered today, if he were remembered at all, as a typical younger son of the

Ancien Régime: an inferior dramatist, a jailbird and a general debauchee.

As it is, however, we are obliged to deal with one of the outstanding figures of his age. *Candide*, published in 1759, has long held its place as the one French text anyone who reads any French texts is certain to have read, and old age meant that Voltaire became the acknowledged mentor of Diderot, d'Alembert and the other *Encyclopédistes*.

A. J. Ayer, in a slim study, does surprising justice to the proto-philosophe. I say surprising for two reasons. First because Voltaire's gaping contradictions (another of his irregularities was an entirely obsequious correspondence with the dread Catherine of Russia over a period of many years) make him a difficult figure to approach with any semblance of impartiality. Second because Ayer's format — a brief introductory life followed by a handful of essays masquerading as chapters — failed conspicuously the last time he tried it out, on *Wittgenstein* (1985). But Ayer's *Voltaire* works a treat. Precisely because his approach is segmented, uneven, it allows Ayer to tackle not so much the essence as the disparate centres of an oddly Protean individual.

As a philosopher Ayer is inevitably drawn toward a philosophical assessment of his subject's output, which is fair enough. 'Voltaire,' writes Ayer, 'is a great symbol,' but like most symbols he never quite delivers the goods. As a spokesman Voltaire knows what it is he wants to defend, but keeps running into difficulties whenever his attempts are pitched at a non-satirical, non-polemical level. The three big planks of his thought — his beliefs in a version of deism, determinism and a universal morality — are not only problematic in themselves but also run counter to his stance as an agitator. At the same time Voltaire sets himself up as the champion and arbiter of that peculiarly 18th-century prejudice, Taste. He is pro-Aristotle, Locke, Newton and Molière. He is anti-Plato, Descartes, Leibniz and Shakespeare. Yet these same cards could be redealt in other combinations without increasing the contingent logical difficulties that beset the hands Voltaire has dealt himself and, in the end, as Ayer demonstrates, one is left nonplussed by the lack of rational coherence within the ragbag of ideas belonging to someone who habitually made bewilderingly confident claims for his own powers of reason.

Or, as Ayer puts it, Voltaire only 'ventures into philosophy'. Ayer, as one would expect, insists on taking philosophy in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word, as something that must be rigorous if it is to be anything, that must square all principles or none at all. Constantly Hume is there lurking in the background. Yet just because Voltaire was engaged in very little technical philosophy, even by the looser, non-empiricist French standard, Ayer's strictures necessarily confine themselves, in the main, to the internal inconsistencies of Voltaire's writings. The result is a seductively invigorating reappraisal — the more so as Ayer, by temperament or by intent, refrains from the importunate. He examines Voltaire as a patient, not as a prey. Despite the evidence of several severe disorders, he still passes him fit. Tolerance of other's ideas, though not conspicuous in his own treatment of contemporaries, is indeed Voltaire's most lasting, most valuable legacy.

We should be told

H. St J. B. Armitage, East Horrington, Somerset
In your leader (NS 10 Oct.) you protest your right to publish Sir James Craig's valedictory despatch on Saudi Arabia.

Why did you not publish it instead of giving advance warning of your intention to publish in such a way that you sought government intervention? Your readers have a right to know why you chose this course of action instead of the public's right to know and your right to publish.

Ed note: See Saudi story p12.

Greens debate on . . .

Clive Lord, Batley, W. Yorkshire.
Fancy my carrot-eating being as newsworthy as Sid Rawle! Sarah Benton (NS 26 Sept.) rightly draws attention to Paul Ekins's outline of where the Green Party needs to go from here, but she could have said something about the solid economic thinking which has already been done in the Green context. For example, the miners' strike: the party's Basic Income Scheme will make it possible for any community to regenerate itself whatever its original *raison d'être*. This makes much more sense than insisting on mining at all costs.

George Oldham, Kettering, Northants.
Characterising the Greens as environment-orientated is misleading. Green politics is concerned with a time-scale that stretches further than the next election. When we consider future generations, Greens believe that only by giving the highest priority to environmental issues can we ensure a reasonable quality of life for the future. This argument then comes full circle, for it is only by ensuring the basic necessities of life for the people of the earth *now* that we can safeguard the environment for our children. As we can see in far too many parts of the Third World, people concerned with their own short-term survival are forced to despoil their lands and forests in order to eat and keep warm. Unless we in the rich Northern countries take serious note of this we could end up in the same situation.

Steve Dawe, Canterbury
What is the virtue in political conflict? The many splits in the Communist Party and other left groups and the deeply-factionalised internal politics of the Labour Party seem to waste energy and promote introspection: they also push some people out of politics altogether in disgust. The rise of the Alliance, the Green Party, the Nationalist parties and even more the major pressure groups suggests widespread desire for alternatives to class politics and to the self-destructive political conflict it seems inevitably to carry.

The Green Party has never had a major split nor have internal matters ever suppressed the campaigning orientation of Green Party members. If Sarah Benton feels affronted, or even threatened, by the influence Greens have begun to gain on the politics of other parties, then perhaps her very negative article is explained.

Paul Boizot, Lincoln

I must correct the statement that the only new policies reached were 'approval of gay rights and limited trade union rights'. Conference voted in favour of a paper on Community Credit — this would remove the power to create money from the private banks and transfer it to central and local government and community banks; quite a radical policy for 'a party without politics'! The party also passed several environmental policies, including the extension of planning controls to agricultural land, the banning of aerial crop-spraying and field straw burning, and the extension of adequate pollution controls to all coal-fired power stations. Other policies passed included opposition to the dissection of animals in schools and support for vegetarian options in school meals and home economics classes. This seems to me quite a lot of policy considering that we have two conferences a year and have reams of the stuff already.

Don't go, Hugo

Fiona Pitt-Kethley, St Leonards, E. Sussex.
I must strongly disagree with Theresa Fitzgerald's letter about Hugo Williams' TV criticism (NS 10 Oct.).



I can't see that he shows any signs of above average tellyphobia. Would Ms Fitzgerald not allow a restaurant critic to feel sick once in a while? Occasional disgust is a natural part of criticism, in fact.

It seems to me that what she is asking for is censorship not criticism. Perhaps she'd like a table-thumping column from Mrs Whitehouse with a heavy emphasis on the before nine programmes. Who knows? Alternatively, such social-worker vocabulary as 'setting standards', 'evolving criteria for evaluation', etc. may indicate she is guilty of the 'facile cultural snobbery' of which she accuses Hugo Williams. My feeling is that her ideal TV critic would be the holder of the Milton Keynes Chair in the Ethics, Philosophy and Behavioural Psychology of Television. I sincerely hope I never have to read such a column.

No, I don't want to be told what I ought to have thought about last week's programmes. I *am* however interested in reading what one of

Britain's wittiest writers has to say on the subject.

Liberal minefield

Lesley Abdela, Potterne Wick, Wilts.
The article by John Lloyd on David Steel (NS 19 Sept.) makes interesting reading now we are past the Liberal Assembly at Eastbourne with its vote on Defence.

What sincerely puzzles me is why an experienced (and some say canny) politician put so much at stake, so publicly, when most people felt he could not use the Liberal Party to promote an SDP line — and SDP line even Dr Owen had only barely managed to get through his Council.

I believe David Steel has one choice only: to consult with the Party as widely as possible, with as objective a mind as possible, and if he finds a firm belief in a non-nuclear future after Polaris 'fails its MOT' he should adopt that as the Leader's line. It would then be clearly up to David Owen to assess his relationship with the Liberal Party. Dr Owen has shown (as Peter Kellner points out in the same issue) an ability to move on Defence, though at some point he may find his last stand is still not at all acceptable to more than half the Liberal Party.

Either way, there's trouble in store. How did David Steel wander into this mine-field, if I can actually pun?

Clerical offspring

L. H. Gann, Senior Fellow, Hoover Institution, Stanford, California
Christopher Lasch's essay 'Making America feel good about itself' (NS 29 August) ignores an important element in the liberals' decline, their pseudo-clericalism. In public debate, all too many liberals share with the religious right an intense commitment to *ad personam* arguments. All too many liberals see themselves as the chosen, the elect — translated into modern parlance as the sensitive, the aware, the socially conscious, the martyrs purified by suffering. All too many liberals, by contrast, revile all opponents as fascists, racists, imbeciles suffused with hard-mindedness, hysteria, paranoia, false consciousness — the modern equivalent of the sprigs fit for the burning, the damned. The new clericalism has begotten a new anti-clericalism.

Let them join the Party

B. R. Cosin, London NW3
The articles by Peter Brooke and Denis Campbell (NS 10 Oct.) show two dynamic developments among the Protestant community in Northern Ireland: fascism and nonsectarian democracy. If NS readers wish to assist the latter they have only to ensure that their party allows — indeed, encourages — Northern Ireland residents to join it and vote for their candidates in constituencies in that province.

The Campaign for Labour Representation in Northern Ireland has shown the way forward. Labour's 1981 Policy Statement on Northern Ireland promised to work towards the independent political representation of labour; The NEC is due to circulate a draft statement to CLPs and affiliated organisations early in the

New Year at the latest. If that statement does not signal the end of the ban on Northern Ireland voters, the consequences for the province, and for Catholics in particular, will start moving towards Lebanese proportions.

Man of power or agent of change?

Stephen Shellard, Dumfries

There seems to be widespread agreement both outside and inside the Labour Party that Neil Kinnock's leadership has been a great success. I am not writing to challenge this for I can see no other Labour politician who could hope to reconcile the various factions which comprise the Labour Party. However, when I read such titles as 'Kinnock the Master' (NS 3 Oct.) followed by the comment, 'Insofar as one man can grip a party like Labour, he (Kinnock) does so now' I can't help wondering, do these accolades really describe socialist leadership?

A good part of Kinnock's success arises from his charisma, particularly as a political speaker

of passion and directness. However, such charisma ought to be regarded warily. Those who come under its influence are apt to suspend or at least mute their own personal judgment. This, to my mind, is the essence of a right-wing political movement. Doubtless, charisma may play a part in socialist leadership. However, I'd say it ought to be marked by restraint and be less tainted by the kind of tough talk for which Neil Kinnock is admired. Neil Kinnock may bring the Labour Party to power, but it is less clear that he will bring it to socialism.

Euro-mush

Michael Hindley, MEP, Lancashire East

Donald Sassoon's article on the left in Europe (NS 19 Sept.) makes no mention of the Common Market. It is a serious omission which leaves Sassoon wandering around in that vague space occupied by many on the left in the European Assembly, whose anthem is 'wouldn't it be nice if we all got together for Peace and Jobs'.

The crucial question is 'on what basis do we get together', and the answer has to have a

harder edge than some high-sounding, well-meaning mush which can draw in the Greens, George McGovern and the PCI.

In that respect, the question of the Common Market is crucial. The French, Spanish Socialist Parties, the West German SPD and the Italian CP all believe that the necessary revival of the West European economy can be launched within the Treaty of Rome. They all believe that the realisation of Lord Cockfield's 'internal market' will advance the living standards of working people. Labour does not share this view. Even the pro-Marketeers call for a fundamental reform of the EEC, and Neil Kinnock's call for a new 'Messina' is an admission that even the modest reforms Labour now proposes cannot be achieved under present arrangements.

The question of how far the other Socialist leaders will come to accommodate Labour's more radical approach is open to considerable doubt. My own feeling is — not at all far. It is to this question that those who are interested in a genuine European perspective have to address themselves.

CLASSIFIED ADS: 01-251 5487

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

RATES: £8.50 per cm + VAT

Charities £7.50 per cm + VAT

LINAGE: 35p per word + VAT, min 12 words

HEARTSEARCH/ £5.75 for 25 words incl.

PURSUIITS/ box number & VAT. Extra words 30p each (incl VAT).

AGENDA £5 for 25 words incl VAT. Extra words 30p each (incl VAT). Display: £5 per cm + VAT.

Send ads to: **Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

DEADLINE: Normally 12 noon Mon. for Fri.

BOOKINGS, ENQUIRIES, 'DICTATE-AN-AD' (Credit cards only)

Call David Jones 01-251 5487

CITY SELECTION, 157-159 Whitecross Street, London EC1Y 8JL. 01-253 0055. We have many opportunities for secretaries/pas, wps, clerks and receptionists in a wide variety of interesting jobs — both temp and perm. PAYMENT SAME WEEK! N24.3

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

astms

NATIONAL OFFICER FOR WOMEN

ASTMS has decided to appoint a National Officer located at our Head Office specifically to deal with issues of concern to women members.

The successful candidate will be responsible for the development of the Union's equal opportunities policies in all fields, as well as for overseeing work in **equal value/equal pay cases** and liaising with the appropriate Union officers on **women's health, education, training and publicity**. The post also carries with it responsibility for the Union's Women's National Advisory Committee. Experience of collective bargaining desirable but not essential: however a detailed knowledge of the law relating to sex discrimination is necessary, as well as the ability to articulate Union policies in this field.

Salary from **£21,196.69** plus provision of Union car. There is a probationary period. *ASTMS is an Equal Opportunities Employer.*

Application forms from: **Clive Jenkins, General Secretary, ASTMS, 79 Camden Road, London NW1 9ES.** Closing date for receipt of completed forms: **24 November 1986.**

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL BRITISH SECTION

DIRECTOR

Amnesty International British Section requires a new Director to start in April 1987. Amnesty International is a world-wide voluntary human rights movement that works for the release of Prisoners of Conscience, seeks fair trial for political prisoners and opposes torture and capital punishment in all cases. The British Section is one of 44 national Sections and carries out campaigning and fundraising work in the United Kingdom.

The Director is the chief executive officer, responsible for presenting AI's concerns to governments, MPs, the media and the public, for the management of 18 paid and approximately 60 volunteer staff, for fundraising and finances, and for providing information to its 31,000 members, 1,200 affiliated organisations and 250 voluntary groups. The Director is responsible to the governing Council, and provides advice and administrative support to it.

Candidates must have *absolute integrity, sound political judgement, leadership and experience at senior management level in supervising staff, controlling finances, and initiating and implementing action programmes.* The successful applicant must be willing to work some evenings and weekends, and be willing to travel.

Applicants from all sectors of the community regardless of race, colour, ethnic or national origin, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or political or religious beliefs are welcome.

Three-year contract

Salary: **£17,000 per annum** (under review)

Closing date: **24 November 1986**

For further information and application form contact: **Director Recruitment, Amnesty International British Section, 5 Roberts Place, off Bowling Green Lane, London, EC1R 0EJ.**



APPOINTMENTS

THE LABOUR PARTY

has a vacancy for a

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

Following the reorganisation at Head Office, the Labour Party Library is now an integral part of the Policy Directorate. One of its prime tasks is to help support our work on policy development and the provision of information material to campaigners.

This post would suit a recently qualified librarian with experience and knowledge of the Party and of the Labour movement. The work will include acquisitions, scanning newspapers and journals for press cuttings and current awareness services, providing general support in the Library, and helping to develop information services within Head Office. An interest in computers is essential; some knowledge of statistics would be useful.

Salary Range £8,960-£9,920 (inclusive of London Weighting)

The Labour Party is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

Application forms for this post can be obtained from: The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT Tel: (01) 703 1064

Closing date for the receipt of completed application forms:

FRIDAY 31 OCTOBER 1986

STE

SENIOR PERSONAL SECRETARY

required for **General Secretary** of small, busy **TRADE UNION HEADQUARTERS** in Richmond. As well as the usual secretarial skills we are looking for a high degree of commitment and responsibility and exceptional organisational talent. Applicants should have at least several years' experience at senior level. Some domestic travel attending Council/Committee meetings and Conferences. Minuting experience an advantage. *20 days annual leave + 2½ privilege days. 36½ hour week.* Salary (under review from **1.7.86**) including Outer London Weighting negotiable from **£8,360 to £10,776**.

Please send cvs to:

SOCIETY OF TELECOM EXECUTIVES
(attn of Mrs L. Lapidus), 102-104 Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1UF.

UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD

RESEARCH ASSISTANT
IN SOCIAL ANALYSIS

(Fixed Term Appointment — 1 year)

Applications are invited from candidates with a good first degree or postgraduate qualification in sociology or related discipline to commence as soon as possible. The successful applicant will assist with research and writing in the area of women's work. Salary on scale **£7,055 to £9,495 p.a.** (under review).

Applications and further particulars from: the Deputy Secretary (Ref: RA/SA/NST), University of Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD7 1DP. Informal enquiries to: Professor S. Allen (0274 733466).

An equal opportunity employer.

Closing date: 7.11.86.

APPOINTMENTS
WANTED

BRILLIANT GRADUATE (first, LSE MSc), socialist, seeks interesting employment in London. Research? Dave: 01-558 8684.

N41.1

CHANGES TO
NEW STATESMAN CLASSIFIEDS

The *New Statesman* has undergone a metamorphosis and this has had repercussions for the classified pages.

Starting from this week the column widths will be as follows:

1 column	47mm
2 columns	99mm
3 columns	149mm
4 columns	202mm

Our new printing schedule means that we have had to bring our copy deadline forward by one day. **All copy must now be received by 12 noon on the Monday of the week of publication.**

OVERSEAS
PROPERTY

TUSCANY. 20 minutes Florence. Large, light studio flat at reasonable rate available now to end April. Phone Susan Leckie 0103955 2011149, or write Ufficio Postale, Impruneta.

N42.2

GENERAL
SERVICES

THE TYPING POOL a woman's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc, from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-837 1489.

N49.28

BOOKS/
PUBLICATIONS

OLD & OUT of print Irish books, catalogues issued. D. Cavanan, 44 Tyline Road, London E7.

N42.1

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

N49.34

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlet, book list, programme. Free talks or discussions, Sundays 8-9 p.m. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

N40.6

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

BED & BREAKFAST — Dulwich. Period house — magazine feature. £12 per person. 01-693 6098.

N41.7

COTTAGE: BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, mouth of River Otter, holiday winter let. Sleeps 4 — electricity. 01-4350171.

N41.8

HIMALAYAN ADVENTURE. Trekking holidays India, Nepal, BUFO VENTURES LTD, 3 Elm Grove, Bowness-on-Windermere, Cumbria LA23 2JN. (096 62) 5445.

N25.7

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

N49.30

PEKING £925 29 Apr./19 May
out plane, back train
PISA, FLORENCE, SIENA £150
20-28 Dec.
NAPLES, CAPRI, POMPEII £150
20-28 Dec.
ZAKOPANE (High Tatras) £180
24 Dec.-3 Jan. (train).

WARSAW £190
24 Dec.-3 Jan.

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG £200
24 Dec.-3 Jan.

MOSCOW or LENINGRAD (via Berlin)
£210 24 Dec.-3 Jan. by train

YORKSHIRE TOURS. 49 Thornton Lodge Road,
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ. 0484 24269

FOR SALE

THATCHER AS SEEN ON T.V.
VOODOO DOLL
PINS INCLUDED, WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS,
FREE CARRIAGE ON ORDERS OVER £5.



"They must be Sick," storms M.R.
Anthony Beaumont - Dark.

£1.99
+ 31p carriage from:-
DAM FINE ART. COULSON BUILDINGS,
TRINITY STREET, LEAMINGTON SPA.
CV32 5RH (0926) 37481

Please mention
NEW STATESMAN
When replying
to advertisements

THERAPY

JUNGIAN ANALYSIS Therapy. Marital & psychosexual counselling. Sliding scale. NW London. 01-452 4722.

N36.1

FINANCIAL

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974.

N49.39

SEMINARS

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday 21 October, 5 p.m.
Prof. Dr Adolf M. Birke (London)
Imposing Democracy? Constitutional Policy in Germany, 1945-49
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

HEARTSEARCH

AFFINITIES. Discerning dating & definitely different events programme, eg Racing Car driving, Falconry weekend, for professional singles like you. Tel: 01-226 3337 for further details. Box (40)3817. N40.9

ANARCHIC CONTRACT gardener, white, 38, own business, seeks fit and physical non-Caucasian woman, for serious relationship. No trends, pseudos, professionals need apply. London/Surrey. Box (41)3868. N41.11

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-566 2274. N49.19

ATTRACTIVE, 48 year-old lady, Central London, widely travelled, varied lifestyle, would like man with wide interests and sense of humour to contact her. Box (42)3921. N42.3

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL female seeks successful, professional male, over 30, for friendship or marriage. Send letter and photo. Box (42)3913. N42.4

AVIATOR, 45, also into writing (novels), seeks relaxing lady companion to wine and dine. Race, age, status and orientation unimportant. London/Essex but can travel. Box (42)3894. N42.5

CARING, CONSIDERATE, adventurous, unorthodox, healthy, solvent, virile, non-macho, intellectually confident, emotionally alive, non scene, secular, sensuous, non-smoking, socialist man, 50s, would like to meet a possible female mate. Box (42)3915. N42.6

DATeline'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

EX-DIPLOMAT, Middle-Eastern, 51, graduate, amusing, business consultant, separated, hopes to start again with slim, middle-class woman, to enjoy life together. Recent photo appreciated. Box (42)3899. N42.7

HAPPILY MARRIED lady, 37, seeks similar, tall, professional man for dining, theatre and conversation. London. Box (41)3870. N41.19

HEARTSEARCHERS PLEASE NOTE that telephone bookings can only be accepted if accompanied by a Credit Card Number (Access, American Express, Barclaycard, Diners' Club, Visa). N27.18

HUMOROUS, GOOD-LOOKING MAN, 31, 5'11", romantic yet practical, intellectual and hedonistic, Lefty with many interests (but not very sporty) seeks similar graduate/professional woman for caring relationship. Preferably West London. Photo appreciated (returnable). Box (41)3874. N41.20

INDEPENDENT WOMAN, 30, new to Glasgow, seeks new companions for cinema, theatre, cycling, exploring the city and its environs. Box (42)3908. N42.8

LEFT-WING, FEMINIST woman, 28, 5' 9", seeks canny friendship with male in Manchester area. Box (42)3909. N42.9

LIVELY, INTELLIGENT female, going on 3 score, working in Yorks, would welcome male companionship for concerts, theatre-going, etc. Box (42)3917. N42.10

MALE ECONOMIST — but not that into it at the moment — seeks soft left female, London, mid twenties. Box (42)3888. N42.11

MARRIED MAN SEEKS MARRIED WOMAN for happy interludes in a stressful life. Successful professional, 39, I like theatre, dining out, and conversation. London/South East. Box (42)3904. N42.12

MATURE, CULTURED man sought by attractive Eurowoman. View marriage. I am non-materialistic and have wide interests. Wessex. Box (42)3890. N42.13

ALONE?
40 + ? Like travel? Enjoy Company? Contact us.
We can help you find the right companion.
Details send sae,

TRAVEL COMPANIONS.
63 Mill Lane, London NW6.
Tel: 01-431 1984/01-202 8478.

MS, MISS or Mrs sought by happily married, professional Mr (48), for secret meetings London area and in France. Box (42)3910. N42.14

NOT BEAUTIFUL, but not unattractive, woman graduate, offers warm, caring relationship to right man. Seeking perceptive, educated man 43-55, with sense of humour to share most NS interests including travel, theatre, foreign films. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Box (41)3865. N41.27

NOT HEARTSEARCH BUT HEARTWALK, thro' Provence/elsewhere? Relaxed woman friend sought for GR4 inexpensively, soon. Details, photo to: Graham (interested arts/therapy/politics/wildness), 6 Granville, Bingley, Yorkshire. N42.15

PETITE FEMALE, thirties age group, seeks caring, considerate, professional gent. To share interests in left-wing politics, cinema, theatre, walking — sense of humour a distinct advantage. West of Scotland. Box (42)3907. N42.16

PROFESSIONAL LADY, young 50, academically minded, slim, attractive, seeks professional male, 50s, for long-term, caring relationship. Perhaps suit business executive/academic. London/South. Box (42)3892. N42.17

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 35, successful, thoughtful, kind, somewhat inhibited dilettante, seeks intelligent, positive, good-humoured, tolerant woman of the world, to prise him out of shell. Box (42)3906. N42.18

PHYSICAL WARMTH, companionship, down-to-earth kindness: "When two solitudes . . . greet." Lively, intelligent, educated woman; practical; homeowner. 50, small, attractive. Childlike, gifted with words and inspiring confidence. Needs emotionally mature, thoughtful man, 45-55. Wide interests. London/South-east. Box (42)3905. N42.19

SLIM, PHILIPPINA female wishes to share life with responsible executive. Write with photo Box (42)3914. N42.20

SOUTH AFRICAN born Muslim (54), university educated, resident in UK since 1965, naturalised British Citizen, wishes to meet unencumbered lady, 40 or younger, professionally or financially independent, with a view to close, affectionate relationship — and who knows? North London. Box (42)3897. N42.21

SOUTH YORKSHIRE head teacher, 50, socialist, enjoys opera, theatre, cycling, fast motoring and dining out, seeks lady with similar interests. Box (42)3896. N42.22

TYNESIDE: AFFECTIONATE female companion sought by man who has just passed the big four-0, and feels need of compatible woman to share second half of a hectic existence. Middle-left outlook, artistic inclinations, likes outdoor life, affable nature, good working order. Write David Box (42)3911. N42.23

WARM, HAPPY, caring professional man, 6' 2", 42, seeks attractive, affectionate companion for relaxed enjoyment of music, food & wine, friends, sports and the arts. John, E. Midlands. Box (42)3916. N42.24

WEST YORKS man: socialist, 45, lecturer, social science graduate, enjoys walking, talking, photography wants to widen his circle of female friends. Box (42)3889. N42.25

WOMAN, 42, attractive, intelligent, socialist, perhaps too accustomed to emotional self sufficiency, seeks, unattached man, interested in sharing ups AND downs of London life. Box (42)3893. N42.26

PURSUITS

FEMALE ACADEMIC, 36, (slim, fair), seeks intelligent man with sense of humour, to share leisure/social time. Jazz/rock music, cinema, travel, books, conversation. Midlands. Box (41)3848. N41.5

LA TRAVIATA: Covent Garden, 8 November. Friendly, spirited, cosmopolitan woman has spare ticket. Would welcome company of genuinely unattached, intelligent, sensitive man (over 55). London. Box (41)3853. N41.6

AGENDA

FOR DETAILS
CALL
DAVID JONES
01-251 5487

TUES 21 OCT

SOCIALIST SOCIETY SEMINAR. 8pm The Old Coffee House, Beak St., London W1. This week. Peter Dews, author of *Anatomy and Solidarity* (Verso) on 'Habermas and the Marxist Tradition.'

WED 22 OCT

BRITAIN OUT OF IRELAND! Public meeting Hammersmith Town (small hall) 8pm. Speakers include Tony Benn, Franchise Molloy (Sinn Fein Councillor). Hammersmith Labour Committee on Ireland.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1 at 7.30pm. 'LABOUR AFTER THE CONFERENCE.' Speaker and questions. Contact Elliott Miller on 01-673 0467.

PUBLICATIONS

SPARTACIST 36-37: 'Healyism Implodes' p&p £1. Spartacist 38-39: 'The SWP — A Strangled Party,' p&p £1. Spartacist pamphlet 'The Socialist Workers Party: An Obituary,' p&p 50p. Complete package £2.50 from: SI Box 185, London WC1H 8JE.

PROFESSIONS FOR
WORLD DISARMAMENT
& DEVELOPMENT

present
**WORLD IN PERIL: AN
INVOCATION FOR PEACE**
in Words & Music

With Janet Suzman, Nicholas
Humphrey, Kinuko Shirane, Hanson
String Quartet, M.E.N.D. Players,
Christian Aid.
Sat 25 October at 7.30pm
Southwark Cathedral.
Tickets (at door) £4/£2 concs.

SOCIALIST ENVIRONMENT AND RESOURCES
ASSOCIATION

Green Socialism: The Way Forward

A Conference on Labour's Environment Statement.

Sat 25 Oct 10am-5pm.

Camden Town Hall, Euston Road WC2.

Speakers include Robin Cook, MP and Jim Slater NUS.

Food, creche, workshops, video.

Registration fee £1/50p unwaged.

Details from: SERA, 9 Poland St., London W1V 3DG.
(01-439 3749)



Fri 31st Oct — Sun 2nd Nov,
City University, London EC1

UNMISSABLE Mixing politics,
culture and entertainment.

UNMATCHABLE Speakers
include Denis Healey,

Wendy Savage, Billy Bragg,

Petra Kelly, Joan Ruddock, Diane Abbott, Peter Glotz,
John McVicar and Mick McGahey plus many more...

UNBEATABLE Over 120 sessions with sub aqua, live
music, fashion shows, video festival, trade fair...

For your **FREE 40 page** programme, write to
LEFT UNLIMITED, 16 St John St, London EC1 4AY
or phone **01-251 4406.**

WORKERS AGAINST RACISM
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

*Racism — The Spectre Haunting
Europe*

2 November 1986

Aston University, Birmingham

Guest speakers from France,
Germany and other European
countries

For further details
tel: **01-729 0414**

AGENDA costs only £5 for 25
words (extra words 30p each)
inclusive of VAT. Agenda Display
Ads are £5 per single column
centimetre (+ VAT).
Minimum size is 3cms.

**Advertisers please note that
the deadline for bookings is
4pm on Mondays** (for the rest of
Classifieds the deadline is
12 noon on Mondays)



OLD FRIENDS
DOES LIFE
BEGIN AT
40?

**MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or
COMPANIONSHIP:**
the introduction agency for the
• 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: **Anne Brent,**
18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB
Telephone: 01-226 5432

BACKCHAT

FIRST PERSON: 1

Gifted . . . and black

Ben Okri

WHEN THEY SAY that a stream of invisible forces flows to make the unexpected, I confess that, in spite of my protective cynicism, I have to believe it. A few weeks ago I was on my way to see a performance of one of Bernard Shaw's plays. I had been given a free ticket. And I was late. Half way there I decided to walk the streets and let something totally surprising happen to me. I stopped off at a pub in the West End and had a pint of beer, but, as drinking alone in a crowded London pub is a particularly dismal business, I left as soon as possible. My wanderings took me to the Africa Centre. That night the young Courtney Pine was playing in the main auditorium. After having another drink I went and lied to the ticket-sellers that I would be covering the occasion for a magazine.

Inside, the auditorium was crowded. People were dancing on tables. There was a television crew present. The place was so packed that my height proved to be a disadvantage: I got on a table myself. Before us, on the stage, the jazz quintet unfolded an evening of unexpected delights. It wasn't long before I felt myself being inflamed and concentrated to an intensity that only high artistic accomplishments can make possible. What I was witnessing was the miracle of talent. The world is run on such a level of mediocrity, where everyone does what is expected, no more and sometimes a lot less, that the presence of talent, its peculiar illumination, the unique way it draws light and power and affection to itself, like the mirrors of angels that Rilke talked about, stands out in a blinding and solitary glory.

I am pressed into this meditation because of the splendour of Courtney Pine's gifts. He is a young man, 22 years old, and I fear for him. He plays the saxophone with a power and range that one rarely encounters in the flesh. Shy and contained, willing to let each musician have their full range, he seemed to me to represent a meeting point of two ages: that which has gone and that which must be born. I fear for him because that kind of talent also draws to itself a disembodied host of negative forces. Besides fame — the nastiest compliment which the ordinary pays to the unusual — there is the whole politics of colour that runs secretly through jazz circles in England. It has been said that few jazz musicians of stature have as yet emerged from the black community here. Then, suddenly, as if in barely controlled defiance, a new figure bursts on the stage.

With the black individual in the West, talent is always political. The gifted individual becomes one of the focal points of the conflicting yearnings, frustrations, historical pains and misapprehensions of the people who are aware of them. And the individual is too small a frame to take all that projection. That is perhaps why unusual ability always carries with it a tremendous sadness, a definite fatalism. Lights from the

mirrors of angels converge on them in fragile beams: the world converges on them with the hardness of an unbearable hunger. From all that multiplication, that individual's distorted reflections appearing in unlikely places, there could be fragmentation on the one hand, silence on the other. When Baldwin started saying 'fuck off' to the reader, as Norman Mailer suggested that he was incapable of doing, he began to go out of fashion. But Baldwin does not belong to fashion, or to novelty — mother of death, as a poet called it. He has been big enough to turn that negative state into new kinds of power, startling kinds of speech.

As I feel a tide of embracement and affection lifting for Courtney Pine, I have also heard mutterings of another tide, not nearly as strong, rising against him, to reduce him before he has fully flowered, to explain him away. This is one of the dialectics of talent. If there are forces that read, protect that young man with the saxophone and people with abilities to make us madder that we may see a little clearer, to make us fuller, wherever they may be. □

For a review of Courtney Pine's music, see Charles Fox's column, p.22.

FIRST PERSON: 2

Larger than life

Roz Kaveney

I NEVER LIKED the idea of horses. They were quite beautiful, at a distance, but they have large teeth and I never believed that I would take much pleasure in climbing on top of something off which I was likely to fall. But, at the age of eight, I needed an obsession. I had grown out of the Narnia books — less because of the realisation that they were largely religious allegory than because of the realisation that the allegory was Anglican and therefore Fundamentally Unsound — and had yet to discover dusty, cheap, old copies of Astounding Science Fiction. Like most children, I needed something to identify with,

something powerful. Dinosaurs had the advantage that nobody expected me to get on top of them.

Almost at once, I hit a snag. Many of you will believe that fundamentalism of an anti-evolutionary bent is a feature unique to the USA but, at the age of eight, I encountered it in my classroom. What made it worse was that it was in the shape of a teacher whose blue-eyed favourite I had up to that point been. She always put gold stars on my drawings of the Three Field System and my list of the exports of Togo and, to be fair, she still did so regularly after our row. But a row there was; she caught me reading the Natural History Museum Guide and dragged me off to read the appropriate chapter of Genesis. Not that the ensuing defiance was especially secular-humanist in tone; I had already had to calm the worries of my parents about my new hobby by getting the parish priest to explain the concept of the bible's using metaphors and of days being a code for aeons. With this, I proceeded to regale her, but she was sophisticated enough a fundamentalist to come up with the Philip Gosse argument about God's creating a world that only looked as if it had been created billions of years ago, as opposed to, as revealed Truth had it, at nine o'clock in the morning of Sunday 23 October in the year 4004 BC. I was a typical enough eight-year-old to giggle. It is from this moment that I date my bad attitude to authority.

My father was a country boy, keen that his children be able to identify a female thrush at 200 yards. My sister, as usual, could. Even after it was accepted that I was going to spend the rest of my life looking through the bottoms of bottles, I was still a disappointment. But dinosaurs were dead and so could not move away when I peered at them. And I could reel off lists of species to an extent that indicated that at least I was trying.

John Noble Wilford's new book *The Riddle of The Dinosaurs* (Faber, £14.95) makes it clear that all of this is a standard pattern for a sort of child. He is perhaps rather too keen on seeing that child as always growing up to be a palaeontologist or an astrophysicist, not reflecting that those are the grown-ups who get asked about childhood obsessions with dinosaurs, but it's still a good all-



round book for dinosaur fans, full of the usual facts about the discovery of the fossil record, the Victorian rows and meals inside statues of iguanodons, and the more recent rows about whether birds are to be demoted from the status of a class to being merely a subclass of the dinosaurs. Being an American book, it gives more attention than one is used to to the great dinosaur hunts of the Old West, and the intensive rivalries between collectors; rivalries which never, alas for Hollywood, quite reached the point of hiring gunslingers and rivalling the Johnson County War. Still, he does give us the story of Hacker, the palaeontologist who financed expeditions by fleeing the inhabitants of Patagonia at poker.

The other thing that I learned from dinosaurs when I was young was to contemplate the mutability of worldly things: well, from dinosaurs generally and, specifically, from Walt Disney. From the *Fantasia* images of dying monsters in a desert landscape, as from Wells' crab waddling off under a red sun, I got the important sense that things could eventually just end and that predators die as well as prey. It may have been a less literary way of acquiring this knowledge than reading Ecclesiastes, but the mental imagery was at least as ornamental. Wilford is good on the asteroid collision theory because of its convenient backing up of the nuclear winter. He is right in a sense to do so, but it is at the expense of the sense of the pity of it, of the lumbering lovely things that are gone, that is the most important of the things I learned in the Natural History Museum. □

FOOD

Inward digestion

Colin Spencer

LATELY there have been some probing and arresting books on food: how we produce, process and preserve it. These books are dedicated to making the public more aware of how their hot dinners are doctored; unease is growing, for there is little now that we can buy which has not been sprayed, fed growth hormones, dosed by antibiotics and then packaged and ponced up to appear natural and healthy, as food manufacturers clearly see that to be the new trend. James Erlichman, the chemicals correspondent of the *Guardian*, reveals all in **Gluttons for Punishment** (Penguin, £2.95).

The British farmer is in a fix, often addicted to the quick boost in yield that a heavy and unmonitored dose of chemicals will give. Erlichman begins his prologue thus:

This is a book about greed and addiction. A lot of people make money when our crops are dosed with excessive pesticides and our animals are given too many antibiotics and hormones.

Cattle and poultry are heavily impregnated with antibiotics, yet salmonella is rife: eight out of ten chickens on the supermarket shelf have strains of salmonella which are resistant to antibiotics. EEC subsidies have further complicated the farmer's

role by inducing him or her to grow cereals and raise beef, of which the EEC now has mountains that cost the tax payer vast amounts in storage. The system is grossly wasteful and lunatic.

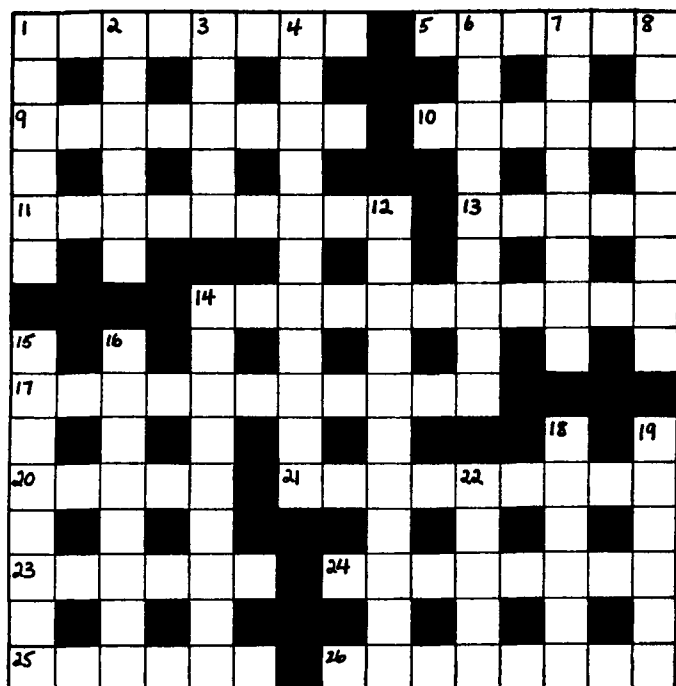
After all that, the food we then are able to purchase has levels of toxicity in it which very likely are carcinogenic. There are 3,850 colours, preservatives, flavourings and other additives permitted in our food. How do even a small proportion of these combine with our bodies? Some chemicals lodge in the fat tissue and there reach high concentrations. There are some doctors who believe that the chemical compounds are implicated in a variety of illnesses from neurological disorders to hepatitis. Erlichman gives us the facts in an authoritative, unemotional style, letting them speak clearly and simply for themselves.

Unlike Peter Cox. In **Why You Don't Need Meat** (Thorsons, £2.50), he allows his proselytising style to go OTT. He covers some of the same ground Erlichman does but does not have the same authority. A useful handbook, nevertheless, for demi-veggers who may be hovering on the brink of total commitment. For those people, and for parents of vegetarian children, Jenny Baker has written an excellently practical and informative book, **Vegetarian Student** (Faber, £2.95). Baker is not a committed vegetarian herself, which probably explains why her recipes are mostly free of stodge and sound delicious.

The food book of the season must be **On Food and Cooking** (Allen & Unwin, £20) by Harold

Weekend Crossword 1535

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1535, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 28 October.



ACROSS

1. In part I follow a vehicle, showing a leg (8)
5. A fruit two feet long (6)
9. Priest embraces boy in church passage (8)
10. Club for the depositor (6)
11. It works by water but is to be found in dry places (9)
13. Place which is right in a row (5)
14. Animal boxes for doctor (11)
17. Kind of correspondence which sets something binding before landlord (11)
20. Anti-war movement includes the East (5)
21. Marriages result from penniless embraces (9)
23. See it in the heart going back for love (6)
24. For brilliance one enters an Arts' Ball? (8)
25. Trifling affront (6)
26. Cooks the beef in broken pot? (8)

DOWN

1. A small amount of money but the oil people are in it (6)
2. Dog for a funny man? (6)
3. South Americans enter to win cash prizes (5)
4. Insects go for a ride and topple awkwardly (11)
6. Unchaste person who turns rude later (9)
7. Nationalists are evidently violent in Ireland (8)

8. Military uniform for woman in prison (8)
12. Possibly not sick before a party after a morning drink (11)
14. Composer sees one among them changed by countryman (9)
15. Sinks, there being holes in the side (8)
16. I am a corn product and so a kind of food (8)
18. Fine head (6)
19. Port where notes have to be changed before the day starts (6)
22. With Diana this group of stars makes records (5)

SET SQUARE

Solution to 1533

N	E	P	A	L	E	S	E	E	R	R	A	N	D
E	F	I	E	B	E	R	E						
A	N	N	A	M	L	O	L	L	I	P	O	P	S
T	F	I	F	O	G	M	P						
E	I	R	E	N	I	C	C	E	N	T	A	V	O
R	I	A	O	K	E	I							
D	E	C	L	I	N	E	A	N	D	F	A	L	L
T	N												
U	N	D	E	R	G	R	A	D	U	A	T	E	S
R													
N	O	M	I	N	A	L	A	B	A	N	D	O	N
S	A	C	C	L	C	B	O	A					
P	I	N	C	H	B	E	C	K	I	N	T	E	R
I	O	E	D	L	S	A	L						
T	H	R	U	S	H	R	E	P	T	I	L	E	S

Prizewinner to 1533

Kevin Henriques
(London W2)

Name _____

Address _____

McGee. Long extracts have already been published in the *Guardian*. The book is sub-titled *The Science and Lore of the Kitchen*. It tells you all you ever wanted to know about why egg white foams, why fish flesh is often brilliantly white, why raw steak is bright red, how honey is made, what process emulsifies a sauce, how starch thickens and yeast ferments. It tells you in great scientific detail, for over 600 pages, and may have limited appeal for the general reader — yet the book is still highly readable and fascinating; food writers and cooks will never be the same again.

The Food Factor by Barbara Griggs, sub-titled *Why We Are What We Eat* (Viking, £12.95), is a thundering good read, would make a marvellous BBC2 series and is a gripping tale of the radical pioneers of nutrition who researched what were considered infectious diseases and found that they were all due to inadequacies in the diet. Ridiculed at the time by the medical profession, this thinking still attracts a residue of disbelief from GPs, who tend to think that the book's subtitle is something only cranks and faddists believe. This is an academic work which relates the historical fragments with which we were familiar, but places them firmly together in their social context.

Elisabeth Luard's **European Peasant Cookery** (Bantam, £15) appears an academic tome but is an awesome collection of recipes from every country in Europe. Luard writes with an authoritative enthusiasm and I wish we had more of the history, which is appearing only in the American edition. The book details such obscure but fascinating recipes as the soup-stews of Romania, including a Sabiu Saxon Salad Soup which, if you can get over the alliteration, is just the thing if you are landed with a glut of lettuce all gone to seed.

The best paperback for the Christmas stocking is undoubtedly Elizabeth David's **An Omelette and A Glass of Wine** (Penguin, £5.95). David has collected her journalism of 20 years ago and it reads like a brilliant yesterday. She is unique, her scrupulous style echoes with sometimes savage perception. She has done more for our awareness of food, dragging us out of the dark ages of cabbage and chips, than a whole bunch of master chefs who have bequeathed their names to history.

Elizabeth David has welcomed **Elinor Fettiplace's Receipt Book** (Viking/Salamander, £12.95) as 'an important contribution to the cookery literature of a period which is at present very scantily covered'. The book has been edited by Hilary Spurling, who owns the original, for the writer was an ancestor of her husband John Spurling. There is a scholarly introduction. Lady Elinor's husband, Sir Richard Fettiplace, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth I. She was also related to Sir Walter Raleigh who supplied her with two recipes for tobacco water, a cordial which sounds unnerving. The recipes are arranged by month throughout the year. Nice to know that rain water was bottled in June, just the job for bringing you round after a mouthful of tobacco water. But the book is valuable because it is a clear indication that recipes were turning against the mediaeval complex of diffuse and contradictory flavours and heading for simplicity.

Which has brought out a new guide, **The Good Food Directory** (ed. Drew Smith and David Mabey, £7.95), listing where you can purchase the best farmhouse cheeses, bacon, fish, free range

eggs and regional specialities like samphire and cockles. Like all guides, the first thing which strikes you is the places they have left out and, sometimes, the inadequate ones which are in. But it is a start; the guide will be updated every year. The editors cannot work without being informed so anyone who is dedicated to finding the best in food should write in with any new and mouth-watering discoveries. □

Colin Spencer's *One-Course Feasts* has just been published by Conran Octopus.

Weekend competition

No 2946

Set by Ms de Meaner

Can Christmas be tiptoeing towards us? Pitter, pitter, pitter on red-stockinged feet, can the whole nauseous razzmatazz be about to clobber us with Only Thirty Shopping Days! and stomach-tipping images of family togetherness, dewy-eyed children and Platinum Nipple-Protectors for the Man Who Has Everything? Please, dear goddesses, make it not so; but there are some ominous signs. One of them being that yet another present is being offered to your undeserving selves: a book called *When Grandmama Fell Off The Boat* containing 'The Best of Harry Graham, Inventor of Ruthless Rhymes'. The venerable firm of Methuen is offering a copy of this VERY NS tome to the winners of our next competition: which is, *natürlich*, to write a ruthless rhyme, but featuring a contemporary star of pop, TV or the cinema. Max. three rhymes per entrant by 29 October. An example (for the ignorant) of Harry Graham's art hereunder:

Aunt Eliza

In the drinking-well
Which the plumber built her,
Aunt Eliza fell . . .
We must buy a filter.

No 2943

Set by Ms de Meaner

Epigrams/bons mots re. Sport, Sex, Journalism, Children, Contemporary Art, Left Politics.

Report

By Len the Unlucky

Have you ever missed a step when climbing up stairs and skinned your shins on the riser? Yes?



Then you'll know how painful can be a humorous remark that doesn't quite make it. Now imagine a *thousand* failed humorous remarks . . . Still, still, some of you did it (Norman Geras even made me *laugh*, an occurrence which has awakened muscles dormant longer than I can remember) and, to you, our congratulations, two pounds per epigram and, for the first six published below, a copy of the inspiration for the Comp: *The Penguin Dictionary of Modern Humorous Quotations* compiled by Fred Metcalf. To the rest, a suggestion: buy the book. It's only £10.95, hardback, and you might discover inspiration.

What do they know of Marxism, today, who only *Marxism Today* know?

NORMAN GERAS

In politics the Left hand doesn't know what the Far Left hand is doing.

MRS. J. MARTIN

Trotskyism is sects without love.

Contemporary art means just what it says: it's temporary, and it's a con.

Family life means suffering little children.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Our children are the only things that reconcile us to the end of the human race.

MOLLY FITTON

Children who are seen but not heard have deaf parents.

Murdoch and Maxwell: men who have gone from riches to rags.

CHAS. F. GARVEY

You know what a weekly magazine is? Every seven days you fire the whole lot off, and then get another round in, quick.

WILL BELLENGER

Journalism

How illogically persist
Our notions of the journalist
As someone (virtues wholly missed)
Unprincipled, unkempt, and pissed.

PHILIP A. NICHOLSON

Soccer: a contest between spectators watched by players.

PASCOE POLGLAZE

Sex is the exact opposite of golf: there should be as many strokes as possible and the hole in one should be avoided at all costs.

ALISON PRINCE

Children are like farts; we quite enjoy our own, but we can't stand other people's.

KEITH NORMAN

Today's journalist is a skilled graduate deploying the full resources of an international high-tech news network to bring the British public full and unprejudiced reports of Prince Charles's bald patch.

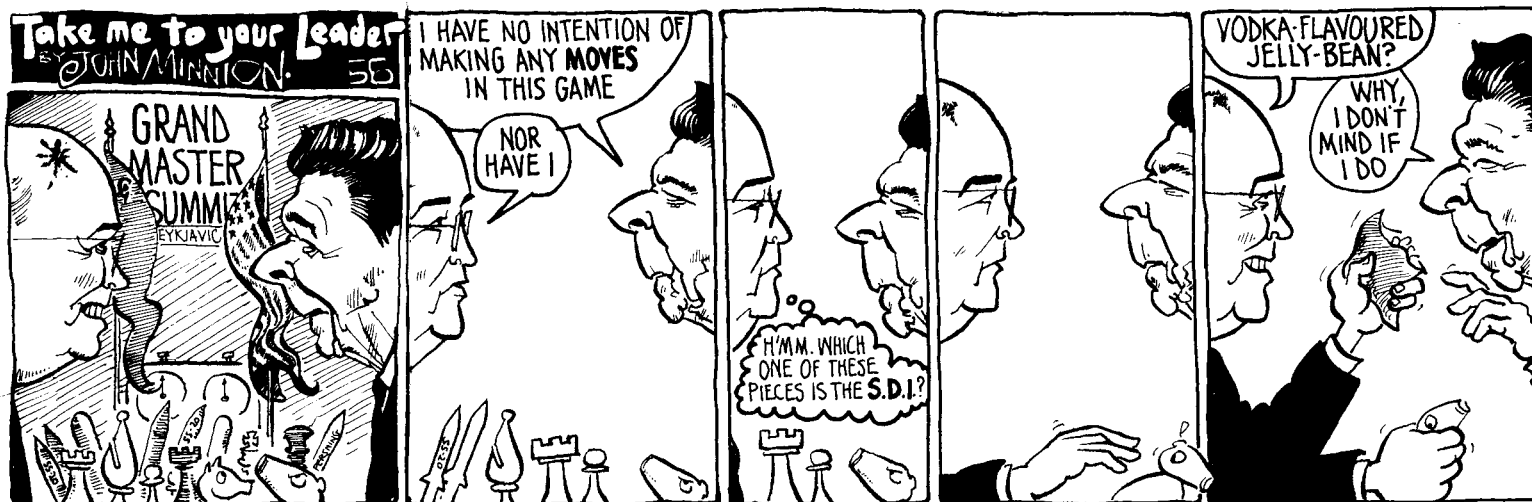
GEORGE SIMMERS

Journalists believe that they distil truth — the trouble is that it's invariably only 1% proof.

MARK AMBROSE

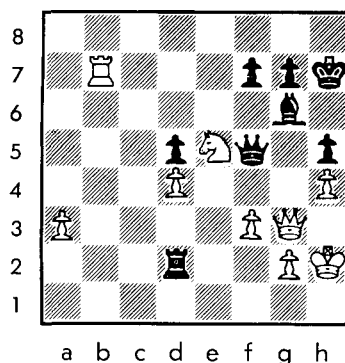
You can trust the *Guardian* to call a spade a spode.

FRANK DUNHILL



Chess

SO AFTER ten weeks of play the great match is over, and in the end everything depended on a single flash of inspiration. On 3 October, with the scores standing at 10½-10½, this was the position at the close of the first session of game 22.



Kasparov (White) is to seal his next move. He is a pawn up and is the only one with winning chances. But Black has activated his Rook and may well be able to save the endgame after 41. Nxc6 Qxc6 42. Qxc6 + Kxc6 43. Rb4 Ra2 etc. The d-pawn can be defended by 41. Rb4, which is the obvious move that Kasparov first wrote down on his score-sheet. A pity to retreat

though. Is there anything better? Yes! He strikes out the dull Rook-move, and this is what follows when the envelope is opened:

41. Nd7! Rxd4 42. Nf8 + Kh6 Not a nice place to be, but 42... Kg8 43. Rb8 is even worse. 43. Rb4! Rc4 Here Karpov has only a choice of evils: 43... Rxb4 44. axb4 d4 45. b5 d3 46. b6 d2 47. b7 d1 = Q 48. b8 = Q Qd2/Qd4 49. Nxc6 Qxc6 50. Qh8 + Qh7 51. Qxc6 52. Qg5 mate; or 43... Rd1/Rd3 44. Rb8 Bh7 (If the Rook were still on d4 he could defend here with 44... Qf4.) 45. Qg5 + Qxc6 46. hxc5 + Kxc6 47. Nxc6 + Kh6 48. Nf8 and White will win easily enough with his extra piece. 44. Rxc4 dxc4 45. Qd6 c3 46. Qd4! 1-0. There is nothing to be done against 47. Qe3 + and mates.

This left Kasparov needing only ½ from the two remaining games, which he secured when Karpov offered a draw in the 23rd game. But if he had failed to find 41. Nd7! and only drawn the 22nd he would have needed two more draws — no formality against a resurgent challenger.

Neither of the two Ks seems weakened by their protracted struggles. Gary Kasparov is still champion, Anatoly Karpov is by no means a spent force. To give of their best they need each other. It would be very surprising if this were to be the last contest between them for the

world championship. They could be playing again next autumn, provided that Karpov can overcome Sokolov in February in Linares. In that match the ex-champion will start as a strong favourite. But as he left the stage and the ovation to Kasparov, he had to face the unpleasant fear that this really might be the end of his championship years.

Exciting as this match has been, those with a taste for really uninhibited play must look elsewhere. Look where you will, you won't find a more entertaining player than Jim Plaskett, whose whole chess career seems to be dedicated to tripping the light fantastic. Between rounds, he often favours me with a selection of his most hair-raising exploits, reeled off with perfect recall both of the actual game and of all the important variations. It's a double-edged treat, since afterwards my own board is apt to appear a uniform grey. I suspect that may be the intention. This characteristically OTT effort from an open tournament in March is a good example of his sublime contempt for material considerations.

Plaskett-Miles, Lugano 1986. English.

1. c4 e5 2. e3 d6 3. Nc3 g6 4. g3 Bg7 5. Bg2 Ne7 6. d4 0-0 7. Nge2 Nd7 8. 0-0 f5 9. dxe5 dxe5 10. b3 c6 11. Ba3 Qe8 12. f4 e4 13. Qd6 Rf7 14. Rad1 Nf8 Having plonked his Queen in the heart of the enemy

position Jim now sets about entombing her. 15. Rd2! Ne6 16. Bh3 g5! 17. fxc5 Ng6 18. Bxf5 Bf8. Here White could get 3 pawns for a piece with 19. Bxc6! Rxf1 + 20. Kxf1 Qxc6 21. Qe5 Bxa3 22. Nxe4 Be7 23. h4. The inertia of the Ra8 and Bc8 makes that pretty strong, but it's a bit too simple for GM (= 'in the Grand Manner') Plaskett 19. Nxe4! Bxd6 20. Nxd6 Qd8 Now, with Bishop + 3 pawns for the Queen, it's time for a quiet move. 21. Rd3! Rxf5 Black has a bewildering variety of defences, one of the pretty possibilities being 21... Rf8 22. Nxc8 Qxc8 23. Nd4 Re8? (23... Rxf5 24. Nxf5 Nxc5 25. Nh6 + Kg7 26. Nf5 + is a draw.) 24. Nxe6 Rxe6 25. Rd8 + !! 22. Nxf5 Qxc5! This does look like a good defensive move, controlling h6, but in fact Tony should have reconciled himself to 22... Qxd3 23. Nh6 + Kh8 24. Bb2 + Ng7 when Jim has nothing better than a draw with Nf7-h6 checks. 23. h4 Qh5 24. g4!! Qxc4 + 25. Neg3 Qh3 Otherwise the Queen gets forked 26. Nh6 + Kg7 27. Nhf5 + ? A time-trouble blemish. By playing 27. Ngf5 + Kf6 28. Bb2 + Ne5 29. e4!! Qxd3 30. Ng4 + Jim could have forced the win. Kf6? As an exercise in tactics, try to justify/disprove Plaskett's laconic note '27... Kf7! ='. 28. Nh5 + Ke5 29. Nfg3! Nef8 30. Bb2 + Ke6 31. Ng7 + Ke7 32. Ba3 + 1-0.

George Botterill

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

□ Twenty-four vicars are to take part in 'Operation Vicarelastic', a 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment night exercise on Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire, 'to see how padres would operate in a time of war', an Army spokesman said yesterday. — *The Times* (Derek Morgan)

□ Companies should develop much stronger links with schools and if necessary adopt a head teacher, Mr Kenneth Baker, the Secretary of State for Education,

said yesterday. 'Very few employers have friends who are teachers,' he said. — *The Times* (Leonard Cox)

□ A police Alsatian which turned tail and fled during the arrest of two men, one armed with a sword, has been sacked from the Gloucestershire force. A spokesman said: 'We cannot risk this happening again.' *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

□ Plans to warm a crematorium with heat from burning bodies may be shelved after protests by clergymen. — *Observer* (L. Leschke)

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd
Distributed by NS Distribution

Editor: John Lloyd; **Books and Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Writers:** Sarah Benton, Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political Editor), Andrew Lumsden, John Rentoul; **Deputy Books & Arts Editor:** Malcolm Imrie; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Art Editor:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Display advertisements:** Laura Berryman, Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £40; Europe (air mail only £46); rest of world: air speeded £51; air mail £61. USA: air speeded \$70; air mail \$85. Canada: air speeded Can \$90; air mail Can \$115.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.



“If I didn’t know you so well, I’d say you were trying to impress me.”

REMY MARTIN XO FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

THE DESIGNATION FINE CHAMPAGNE IS PERMITTED ONLY FOR COGNACS FROM THE TWO FINEST AREAS OF THE COGNAC REGION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED